

THE
Treacherous Brothers:
A
TRAGEDY:

As it is ACTED
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
BY
His MAJESTY's Servants.

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE POWELL



L O N D O N,

Printed for *W. Freeman*, at the *Bible*, over-
against the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-*
street, 1696.

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The Epistle Dedicatory

To the Patentees, and Sharers of their Majesties Theatre.

Gentlemen,

75 **F**OR Incouragement of this Address to you my worthy Friends, I am oblig'd to acknowledge, that a worthless Fruit, like this, stands no less indebted to the Courteous Gardener; that lent the warm Bed to rear it, then to the indulgent Palates that were so favourably pleased to relish it. Your Favour therefore that admitted it to the Stage, and the kind pardoning Audience that received it there, divide my equal Gratitude. I confess indeed, if I durst, (for there was no good will wanting,) I had the same itch with the greater Brothers of the Quill, of committing this publish'd Bawble into some Noble, protecting Hands; had not a rising check of Grace, call'd a Blush, withheld me. I consider'd, possibly the highest Quality may forgive the loss of two short hours at a poor homely Entertainment, much easier then publickly admitting: so mean a Trifle, Dedicated and laid at the Feet of Honour. The first of the two Favours is but a generous Condescension e'en passant. But the prefixing a great Name in lasting Print, before so undeserving a piece of scribble, is a Concession on their side too low, and an Ambition on mine too aspiring. And therefore though I durst be bold with it on a Theatre, and make 'em all my Patrons there, my Confidence, the Talent of the Stage, I wear not beyond my Dressing Room, and durst presume upon Quality no farther. To you therefore who were before kind to it, I now send it for Protection; and choose you Gentlemen, my Patrons, and on my word I know not where I cou'd have pick't out better, for to pride my self in the choice of your Protection, and give my Patrons their true Panegyrick. I must avow to the World, that if ever there were a true *Mecenas* of Poetry, (at least in Modern Story,) that name properly and rightly belongs to none, Gentlemen, so much as your Selves; and to prove this just Honour no Complement, but your lawful due, (which indeed is more then the Laws of Dedication oblige me to,) if the Town wou'd allow me able to read, (as that they'll hardly do.) I'd venture to quote one Stanza of *Gondibert* for my Justification, giving this Account of Poetry.

Oh! hireless Science, and of all, alone
The Liberal! meanly the rest each State
With Pension treats; but this depends on none;
Whose worth they reverently forbear to rate.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Now if the World has made so little Provision for the maintenance of the Muses, (as kind *Davenants* too true Oracle tells us,) I'm afraid upon due Examination, that little Bread they gather will be found almost all glean'd from a Theatre; one kind honest Actor, that frets and struts his hour upon the Stage (as the Immortal *Shakspear* has it,) is possibly a greater Benefactor to the Muses, then the greatest Family of Grandees that run Pedigrees, and track Originals up from the Conquest.

The time has been when as old *Ben* ended his Grace with God bless me, and God bless *Ralph*, viz. the honest Drawer that drew him good Sack. So some Modern Authors with the same Equity, might full as Pathetically have furnish'd out one Article of their Prayers, (not forgetting the present Props of the Stage) with God bless *Mohun*, and God bless *Hart*, the good Actors that got 'em their good third Days, and consequently more substantial Patrons then the greatest gay Name, in the Frontispiece of the proudest Dedication. Poetry thrives so little now, that I much fear the famous *Suckling* himself was mistaken in his own Laureat; for there are those wou'd be glad to find that kind rich Alderman, his *Apollo* gave the Bays to, that out of all his heaped Coffers, wou'd either give or lend, to the fairest of the nine *Mendicant* Sisters.

No Gentlemen, the *Pernassus* bears no good Crop, but upon that part of it lying and scituate within your own Garden Walls; all the rest of it produces only that unprofitable growth, that 'tis scarce worth cultivating; all other Poetry (Dramatick only excepted,) turns to so little Account, that the Toyl's as hopeles as labouring for the Philosopher's Stone; the Undertaker is certain to get nothing by it, and if he's born to an Estate to bear his Expences in the Projection, his only comfort is, he shall not be undone by it. If therefore a few stragling Cions of Poetry now and then start up in the World, the Incouragement is so much your own, that they wholly root with you. And if the greatest Dons of Wit, that carry the highest merit with 'em, are in Honour oblig'd to this Confession; how much greater ought my Acknowledgments to be, who owe my Access to the Stage, meerly to your Act of Grace.

In turning this dowdy Brat therefore into the World, a like bound to the Midwife, and the Godfathers: Your generous administring kindness in handing it into light, and the no less generous Audience for standing Vouchers for it, I take this Opportunity of publishing my self,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged, and most obedient

Humble Servant,

George Powell.

THE

Preface to the Reader.

THE time was, upon the uniting of the two Theatres, that the reviving of the old stock of Plays, so ingross'd the study of the House, that the Poets lay dormant; and a new Play cou'd hardly get admittance, amongst the more precious pieces of Antiquity, that then waited to walk the Stage: And since the World runs all upon Extremes, as you had such a Scarcity of new ones then; 'tis Justice you shou'd have as great a glut of them now: for this reason, this little Prig makes bold to thrust in with the Crowd.

'Tis true, some of the Poets, the great Dramatick Professors, began to murmur, that such diminutive Interlopers as my self should be suffer'd, and cou'd scarce forbear railing at the Injustice of the Company, in indulging such inconsiderable Invaders of their Province, the Stage.

Now, I think, my Masters, 'tis a little hard, that those greater first-rate Wits, shou'd come with top and Top Gallant, and thunder their Broad-sides amongst you, and a poor little Fan Fan should be denied giving the Town a small Pot Gun.

Besides, they have more Cause to be pleas'd at the exposing of so witless a trifle as this, if 'twere no more than for a Foil to their own more exalted Sense; for Faith some of 'em need one.

After this Apology for their Favors; I am affraid, kind Reader, I shall find it a harder Task to Court yours; however, to make some Essay towards it; First I must tell you, that it is the Play wants Language, or any thing else, (or rather all things) to please you, nevertheless to take the modish way of Prefacing, and not undervalue my self: I assure you, (to the Credit of the Author be it spoken,) 'tis the best I ever writ; and By Gad, (as my Brother Bayes says,) I cou'd not have took more Pains about it, had I been to have had Six-score Pounds for it at a Venture: Besides, whatever Confidence I may be taxt with, to shew what respect I owe you, I resolv'd when I writ it to use a Conscience in persecuting you, and accordingly you'll find, I shall not tire my Reader with over much length; the Book-seller was in no danger of swelling the Play to Price two Shillings, and shall be thankful if he finds his Accounts in half the Summ.

Preface to the Reader.

So much for my Conscience, now for my Civility: Look ye good Friends, considering that greater Bodies move slow, and the other weightier, massier Sense, now in Rehearsal, and Study, cou'd not so easily be hammer'd into the Players Heads, nor got up fast enough; I resolv'd the Town shou'd not be so disoblig'd, as to have a whole Hillary-Term with never a new Play; and so I understudy'd, and jirckt up my little Whipster: This lighter toy, like a Dance between the Acts, in pure Complaisance. I could instance several other Obligations of this kind, but not willing to insist too much upon Merit, for fear of running up into Supererrogation, I am content to end with subscribing my self

Your Humble Servant,

Geo. Powell.

Gentlemen,

MY Friend, against my will, puts this Complement upon me, had he not been a particular Acquaintance, and a Brother-Actor, I shou'd have took it as an Affront; yet though he writ it, I dare swear neither you nor I think it; and so take it among ye.

Ad amicum in hujusce Tragediæ Authorem.

Grande decus scenæ, ludorum fama, Theatri

Gloria, jam lauro tempora cinge tua.

Tam benè Romano tinxisti verba lepore,

Tam densis Phaleris pagina quæque nitet;

Ut spectatores, poterint fecisse Catones,

Et rigidos Curios, Fabriciosque graves;

Non te Cecropiæ damnent Pandionis arces,

Nec rodant numeros Critica turba tuos;

Ergò age, non meritam dubites admittere famam;

Nec pigeat curæ præmia ferre tuæ.

Contemnas Rhoncos, nostræ & fastidia Romæ,

Quæ plusquàm nasos Rhinocerotis habet.

Joannes Hodgson.

P R O L O G U E.

Writ by Mr. Mountfort, Spoken by Mrs. Knight.

NEW Plays is still the Cry of the whole Town,
 Therefore to day, young Powell gives you one;
 The fellow never writ before this time;
 And I am come to plead his Cause in Rhime;
 You may be sure that writing is grown scarce;
 When he sets up for Prose, and I for Verse;
 Variety of Plays, like Women, all
 Desire, and both, when had, grow dull:
 Women and Plays are both uncertain too,
 We cannot swear they'r sound, till try'd by you;
 If a Play's bad, 'tis but three hours enduring,
 But Women often cost you three months curing;
 From an ill Play, each to the Tavern runs,
 Cursing the Poet, and his memory drowns,
 Drinking Damnation to him in six go downs.
 Our Scribler don't at all you sharp Wits dread,
 He writes as Bullies fight, not for Renown, but Bread;
 I've heard there goes a curse with Poetry,
 Which many Authors know, call'd Poverty.
 But as for Players,
 They can no greater curse then being Players deserve,
 For write or not write, we are sure to to starve;
 You all are leaving us to serve the Nation,
 Our men and we shall have a long Vacation;
 One Plague by Fire this House hath undergone,
 Let not another be by Famine shown;
 Some for the Field in dismal Red prepare,
 Others at Sea, engage in men of War,
 Woe be to us the weaker Vessels here;
 What will become of every likely Lass,
 If Shipton's Prophecy should come to pass,
 One man will never serve seven Women sure,
 When Women can intrigue with half a score;
 What shall we do, our falling Sex to prop,
 The very day you march, we shut up shop.
 Bills must be writ to let each Tenement,
 We may find Lodgers, but they'll pay no Rent,
 Be kind then to us, ere you go away,
 Else we shall reap no Profit by this Play,
 For Pyrat like, no Purchase, we've no pay.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

King of Cyprus.
Meleander, Brother to the Queen.
Ithocles in Love with *Marcelia*.
Menaphon. { The Treacherous }
Orgillus. { . Brothers. }

Mr. *Powell*.
Mr. *Alexander*.
Mr. *Williams*.
Mr. *Mountfort*.
Mr. *Hodgson*.

W O M E N.

Semanthe, Queen of Cyprus.
Marcelia, Niece to the King.
Statilia, Sister to *Ithocles*, disguised in Boys Cloaths,
by the name of *Lattinius* in Love with *Meleander*.
Armena, confident to *Semanthe*.

Mrs. *Bontell*.
Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Builer*.
Mrs. *Feurden*.

Pages, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE Cyprus.

THE

The First A C T.

S C E N E. I. A Garden.

Enter Menaphon, and Orgillus.

Men. **O** *Orgillus!* thou talk'st in vain of comfort;
To one so wretched and so Curs'd as I,
For my Complaints have forc'd the Rocks, the waters,
The very winds have sigh'd, & Brooks have murmur'd
Their kind Commiserations of my sorrow.

Org. Despair not *Menaphon*, you are not wretched,
Unless your own Impatience makes you so.
Why may not she in time be won to love,
As well as other women? O my Brother!
Thou hast been bred in war, and dost not know,
The Subtilty, and Cunning of that Sex;
D'y'e think because She has deny'd you once—

Men. Once! one denyall! yes a hundred flights,
Repulses, Scorn, all her disdain can vent,
Have been my dayly, hourly persecution.

Org. A hundred! is that all? were their name Legion,
A Legion may be conquer'd, fear it not,
For time can tame the Lion and the Tyger,
And with more ease a womans wandring fancy.

Men. I but so long to hope, and be delay'd
Is worse then Death, to misery like mine

Org. Perhaps your Sufferings may not long endure,
For womens minds Inconstant are and fickle,
Uncertain as the leaf blown with each wind,
And Flexible, as is the bladed Grass,
The'yl fly, but ev'ry step wish they were t'ane.
What they deny, they wish too were Snatch'd from 'em,
They'l fight, but always wish to be overcome.

Men. I but *Semantbe* is not one of these:

Org. How know you that my Brother?

(21)
Men. O too well!

For when this Tyrant Love first seiz'd my heart,
When my tormented Soul could hold no longer
I told her with a thousand sighs and tears,
The Secret which to keep wou'd have consum'd me.

With such a raging fire it flamed within.

I told her all the cause of my distress;

Yet she did not alone deny my suit,

But with a look of fury, and disdain,

She gave these words: Go wretch, below my Anger,

May thy Ingratitude to him that Lov'd thee,

That rais'd thee Monster as thou art, from nothing,

Dwell in thy mind till thou repent'st thy folly;

With that flew from me, leaving me alone.

My Soul all burning like a blazing *Etna*;

And since, If I but offer to approach her,

She turns from every word and ev'ry look

That moves but for her pity, as the *Pestilence*

Flew from my breath, and *Basilisks* from my eyes.

O *Orgillus*, what canst thou now propose

What Remedy is left to save thy Brother?

Org. What Remedy? Time, Patience, Opportunity;

The fiercest Torrents of a womans Passion,

Has both its Ebbs, and Flows, her tide of Hate

(Strong as it is, and bears down all before it)

May turn, and turn to Love; try her again:

You know the King, now Wars with the *Sicillians*;

And leaves the Queen, and Kingdom to your Care;

Could any thing more favour your design?

Brother be ruled by me: you know this Garden,

Is ev'ry night her walk before she sleeps;

Here meet with her, and once more own your passion,

If she refuses you again forget her,

And leave the Scornfull Beauty to her self.

Men. Forget *Semanthe*! 'tis impossible!

Sooner the Glorious Sun shall turn its Course;

Motion and Nature their great work give o're,

And the Eternall Axis Rowle no more.

Enter Semanthe.

Org. Brother no more, the Queen is coming this way,

Now if you ever hope to gain your wishes,

Be bold, and your undaunted Passion speak;
 Mean while I will retire to yonder Grove,
 That Secresy, and Silence may befriend you. [Exit Org.]

Men. Oh how I burn! when I behold that face.
 Turn, turn *Semantke*, Cruell woman turn.

Sem. Bless me! what mournfull Sound was that?

Men. Mournfull indeed:

And from the wretched'st man that sound was sent,
 That ever sigh'd for Beauty, great as your's.

Sem. This villain here! how my heart shakes to see him. [aside.
 What mean you *Menaphon*? — [to him]

Men. O I must speak;

Though Death with Torments, Tyrants ne're found out,
 Stood ready for me, I must say I love you.

Sem. As a Subject; and t'will become you.

Men. O Gracious Princess, if that blessed form — [kneels
 E're harbour'd pity for a wretch distress'd;
 Shew some to me, to me whom violent love,
 Has tortur'd on the wrack of fruitless hope,
 And anchor'd down my Soul in Seas of woe,

Sem. I understand you not.

Men. Then farewell Circumstance — [rises]

And since you are not pleas'd to understand me,
 (Tho' I have oft discours'd this Subject to you)

But by a plain and easy way of speech,

All Superstitious reverence layd by,

I love you as a man, and as a man

I wou'd enjoy you; why d'ye start, and fly me?

I am no monster, and you'r but a woman,

A woman made to yield, and by example,

Told it is Lawfull; favours of this nature,

Are in our Age, no Miracles I'th greatest,

And therefore Madam — [approaching her]

Sem. Villain, stand farther off; Ungratefull Monster.

A Crime, which Creatures wanting reason fly from.

Are all the Princely Bounties, Favours, Honours,

(Which with some prejudice to his own wisdom)

Thy Lord and Raisher has Confer'd upon thee,

In such a short time bury'd? has he made thee,

(From one obscure, almost without name,)

The envy of great Fortunes? have I grac'd thee,

Beyond thy Rank, and entertain'd thee, as

A Friend, and not a servant? and is this,

This Insolent attempt upon my Honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours.

Men. Hear my excuse.

Sem. The fall'n Angells may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance as thou, hope it.

This is not the first time,

Your treach'rous tongue has utter'd this wild outrage.

Think not I'll Longer bear your Insolence :

What Smiles, what friendships has my Lord shew'd on thee ?

What a vast trust has he repos'd in thee ?

By leaving both his Kingdom and my self,

To thy proteſſian : Villain think on this ;

And let it quench the Feavour in thy blood.

Men. All this I've done ; and many a weary night,

Have call'd theſe thoughts to my moſt ſtrict rememb'rance

Brought my ſoul up to honours bar and try'd

The Cauſe of love at Conſcience high Tribunall :

But oh in vain, for now too late I find

There is no Medicine for a tortur'd mind,

But freedom from the torture it ſuſtains.

Therefore Divineſt Princeſs—

Sem. Cease your Insolence,

Darſt thou again with thy in venom'd breath,

Aſter I had forbid thee, ſtrive to tempt me,

To Act a deed, which my ſoul ſhakes to think on ?

Know Traytor to reward this ſawcy boldneſs,

I will not only paint thy barb'rous Guilt,

In its moſt hideous, black, Infernal form,

And to the Injur'd King preſent the Gorgon,

But rouse too my own Juſtice and Revenge,

Th' unquall'd Crime, with forfeit of thy Head.

[— offers to go.

Men. Stay, ſtay, bright Angell, hear me but one word,

Oh tho' my fault deſerves a Punishment. [*Men. kneels & ſhe returns.*

Greater then his who ſtole Joves fire from Heav'n,

Be you Compaſſionate, and ſhew ſome mercy,

I muſt confeſs my fault unpardonable.

(But oh conſider what the force of Love is.)

But yet indeed to own a love to you

Was too preſumptuous, and I do repent it,

Sem. Can it be hoped,

After a pra'ſe ſo abhorr'd as thine,

Repentance e're can find thee ?

Men. By your ſelf,

By your bright self divinest Queen I swear :
 And all those Powers that guard your Innocence,
 Henceforth I never will in word or deed
 Make Repetition of my Lawless Love.

'Tis not the fear of Death makes me sue thus,
 But a loath'd detestation of my madness
 That makes me wish to live to have your pardon,
 Which Granted, (in your presence whom I've wrong'd,)
 I'll let out that Rank blood which caus'd my folly.

Sem. No, rise, rise *Menaphon*, you have my pardon,
 And shall my favour if you keep your Oath.
 But if you do not, by the Pow'rs that rule us,
 By all the fury of an injur'd Princess,
 I'll lay aside all thoughts of gentle pitty.

And when thy life shall answer thy black deed,
 Stand by with pleasure to behold thee bleed — [*Ex. Sem.*]

Enter Men.

Men. She's Gone, for ever gone, and I am lost ;
 Ne're speak of Love on forfeit of my life.
 O why was I pick'd out from all Mankind,
 To fix my Love on so much scorn and beauty ?
 And why since fate had destin'd me to love her,
 Should any other man in peace possess her ?
 No, if he do, may fortune still pursue me,
 With all her utmost and severest malice,
 O 'twould be rare revenge for my scorn'd passion,
 To throw a burning brand in the Kings breast,
 And make his Soul feel tortures great as mine.
 Work stronger in my heart thou dear revenge,
 For thou art now all Musick to my sense.

Enter Orgillus.

Whose there ! My Brother *Orgillus*.

Org. The same ; What have you spoke to her ?

Men. Yes, I have sued,

Kneel'd, wept, and begg'd ; but tears and vows and words,
 Move her no more then Summer winds a Rock.

She threat'ned to discover to the King,

All that I ever mention'd of my love ;

Which had she done, I know my *Orgillus*,

My Life must needs have been the fatal forfeit,

Which

Which to prevent, I've bound my self by Oath,
Never to mention my rash love again:

Org. And will you keep that Oath?

Men. By Heav'n I will;

But yet I will not loose her unreveng'd.

This King that detains all my happiness,

Shall live in Torments great as I endure;

Curst'd Jealousy, that Poys'ner of Content,

Shall put an end to all his quiet here;

And O take heed *Semantic*, for the Plot,

The fatall Plot that's working in my Brain,

Aims at no less a Price for my Scorn'd love.

Then her too haughty life who has refus'd me.

Org. Is all your violent love then come to this?

Have you so soon forgot *Semantic's* beauty?

Is that bright Angell you so late admir'd;

Become so very low in your esteem,

That you can talk of Aiming at her life?

Men. O *Orgillus*! didst thou but know as I do,

The Pangs, the Tortures of a slighted love,

Thou woud'st not wonder at this sudden Change.

For when ill treated, it turns all to hate,

And the then darling of our Soul's revenge.

Enter Nearchus.

How now, the news with you?

Nea. Lord *Ithocles* is just arriv'd at Court,

And brings the news of the Kings victory,

Men. How victory! Oh bane to all my hopes!

Had he but brought news of his Funerall,

This scornfull beauty then perhaps might yeild.

[*aside.*]

Org. Lord *Ithocles* the Herauld of his Tryumphs?

Is he the Harbinger? Curse of the name—

Nea. Yes my good Lord, he is.

Men. *Nearchus* leave us—

[*Exit Nea.*]

Now Brother *Orgillus*,

I do remember the Kings wedding day,

Was Celebrated with all Martiall Pastimes, with Tilts,

and Tournaments at the Solemnity

Where *Ithocles* this Fav'rite of the Kings

Got an Immortall fame to your dishonour.

Org. Dishonour, yes, and such dishonour too,

Sprung from a cause so weak, that th'asham'd world,

Repeats

Repeats it with a blush; because this villain
 In that days Tournament, had the kind
 Only to Guide a Fortunate Lance against me;
 A little to my disadvantage. Chance,
 Meer Chance, the sport of Fortune; for Heaven knows,
 For years I've worn the Glory of the Lists,
 And ne're was foyle'd before, but cause Sempronius
 Was pleas'd to give the Triumph of the day,
 The Golden Lot of that one single chance.
 To *Ithocles*, the fond Uxorious King,
 To please his Queen, must sacrifice his Soldier.
 The vain applause of this new-made Favourite;
 Seduced his Royall reason to that poor
 Ingratitude, that the exalted *Ithocles*,
 Was mounted in my honours, to Command,
 That very Army which I've led so often,
 To Victory for this forgetfull King.

Men. Forgetfull! yes.

Remembrance is a stranger to ingratitude:

Org. Had he perform'd some mighty feat in War
 To out-strip me in renown, subdued some Kingdom,
 Which my weak sword had lost, then't had been justice,
 T'o're-leap my head, and seize my forfeit Lawrells;
 But for a worthless prize, a sportive Trophy,
 For foyling me in a poor idle Tournament.
 To have my blasted Glories all torn from me,
 Degraded, lost, stript naked, to adorn
 This Insolent risher with my borrow'd Plumes,
 Is canker to my Soul, and ev'ry vein,
 Run poyson at the thought.

Men. O just Resentments,

And sure my brother can't forget that time.

Org. Forget it *Menaphon*! Impossible.

By Heav'n it grates my very Soul to think on't.

O I have worn him still within my mind,

And wanted but an Opportunity,

To pluck this growing *Pharon* from his Glory.

Men. Now is the time, O *Orgillus*! my brain,

Is full of Glorious thoughts for our revenge.

Methinks I have already in my view,

A Mapp of all the Mischiefs I intend,

To rid my thoughts of this proud scornfull beauty,

And thee of *Ithocles*, the Man thou hatest.

Wile

Wilt thou be faithfull to me?

Org. Can you doubt it?

When you conspire the fall of *Ithocles*?

What is it I would fail to assist you in?

The Mighty Conqueror of the Universe,

Ran not more Hazard's in his years of War,

Then I wou'd do to take Revenge on him.

Men. Come to my breast, My Brother and my friend.

Was ever change like mine? Some moments since,

My Soul was all a-burning fire of Love,

But that hot Love is in an instant gone,

And all my thoughts are now Revenge alone.

[*Ex. Om.*]

The Scene Changes to the Pallace.

Enter Ithocles meeting Marcellia.

Mar. Wellcome my Lord, my life, my *Ithocles*,

Wellcome, O wellcome, from the hands of war,

Itbo. O my *Marcellia*, do I once more view thee!

Once more behold those dear, those charming eyes?

By Heav'n, my Love, the King with all his Conquests,

Cannot have half the Joy, thy presence gives me.

Mar. My dearest *Ithocles*, my best lov'd Lord,

O what a long and tedious Separation,

Has this war made between us! but for all

The fears I've felt, the many tears I've shed,

To think upon the many dangers you were in,

This happy minute makes a full amends.

Itbo. Speak on, and bless my ears with the dear Sound

Of that Celestiall voice, Musique more sweet,

Then is the Murmur of a slow pac'd Brook,

When 'tis with thousand little Pebbles crost.

Or the Winds Prating 'mongst the wanton Leafs.

Mar. But oh my Lord, when the heat of fight,

Your Sword imbrued in blood, and your fierce mind,

Employ'd about the bus'ness of the War,

Then your *Marcellia* was not thought upon.

Itbo. My unkind dear why dost thou wrong me so?

By Heav'n the thoughts of thee inspir'd my Courage;

And when I look'd upon the bold *Sicillians*,

And knew 'twas they detain'd me from thy Arms,

I flew more fierce, then Thunder from a Cloud.

And

And beat down all that did oppose my fury ;
Not think of thee, why thou wert all my thoughts,
And ev'ry dream still shew'd me my *Marcelia*,
And when the King wou'd to divert his cares,
With Feasts and Revells pass away the time,
I have retir'd alone into my Tent,
And bless'd my self with thinking on *Marcelia*.

Mar. And will you ever Love thus ?

Itho. When I do not,
The Flouds shall run back to their Springs again.
The Woolf shall fly and fear the silly Lamb.
But my best life, when shall we Crown our Joys?
When will the dear the happy minute come,
That Marriage must for ever make thee mine?
What tho' the Cruel kind of War did part us?
Now that is past, let us deferr no longer,
But make me bless'd above the rest of Men.

Mar. My Lord, you know the King's consent is wanting,
And tho' I do, and will for ever love you,
I dare not Wed without his free Permission,
Since he has both a King and Uncles Power;
But more of that my Lord when he returns.
My duty calls me to attend the Queen,
And I dare stay no longer. O my Lord!
I had a thousand, thousand things to tell you,
When next we meet, (for we shall meet again,)
I will Command some happy longer minute,
And then compleat kind loves unfinish'd murmurs.

Itho. My better self, after so long an absence,
You may with safety grant one happiness;
A kiss from those fair Lips wou'd be no sin,
Good Night my Love, thou dearest, best of women,
The thoughts of thy bright Charms wou'd turn me mad,
But that I live in hopes I shall possess 'em,
Thy beauteous Image fleets before my Eyes,
And shews the wond'rous Heav'n I so much prize.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

C

The

The Second A C T.

S C E N E. I.

Enter Menaphon and Orgillus.

Men. **H**E Comes, my Brother *Cyrrus* Monarch comes,
Wrap'd up with Joy for his success iⁿ th^e War,
To meet a Fate, far worfe then those *Sicilians*,
Whom his Victorious Arm has Lodg'd in Graves;
For we have not alone Conspired his fall,
But what will add more pleasure to revenge,
His Soul for that short time he lives on Earth,
Shall feel worfe Torments then the damn'd endure,
O what a Scene have we in one night laid,
To ruine, both a King, a Queen, and Fav'rite.

Org. Brother you yet forget the greatest Point,
The Plot we've laid, we can't perform alone.
But by the help of some that's near the Queen,
We may with ease Accomplish our design,
Armenia, Confident to fair *Semantia*,
I once did make some shew of kindness to,
And till the Fruit I tasted, lov'd the Tree;
And tho' my passion does apace decline,
To further our design, I'll yet love on,
At least pretend I do, she, she shall aid us;
I know for the past pleasures we have had,
And for those many more she hopes t^e enjoy,
She'll be assisting to what e're I ask.

Men. But *Orgillus*, will she be faithfull to us?

Org. That is indeed against her Sexes nature,
But if she's secret till we've workt our ends,
A bowl of Poison stops her tongue with ease.

Men. O thou art most Ingenious at contrivance,
By Heav'n I am all Extasy to think,
With what a brave Revenge I pay her scorn.

But

But *Orgillus* our Vengeance stops not there;
 The Scene of blood, will yet far higher grow,
 For when the Hot, the fiery *Melander*,
 (The Brother to this scornfull piece of Beauty)
 Shall from the King hear of his Sisters shame;
 I know his boyling blood will rise so high,
 That his wild rage will be his own undoing,
 Then, then my Brother, when the Royal Line,
 Is by the King's fierce Jealousy destroy'd,
 Who then remains to take the Crown but me,
 Ambition and Revenge have fired my Soul,
 And I'm Impatient till the work is done.

Org. Brother be Temperate, for rashness often,
 Spoils those designs that have with care been laid;
 And roots up their Foundations—— See *Armena*;
 Now smooth-fac'd flattery assist my Cause
 And dear dissimulation stand my Friend,
 Retire my *Menaphon*, it is not fit,
 You should be seen till I have wrought her to us.

Men. I go, and may success attend thy purpose—— [Ex. *Men.*]

Enter Armena:

Org. Madam you're grown a perfect stranger to me,
 There was a time when it was otherwise.

Arm. There was indeed, but now that time is past:

You did obtain my easy Love too soon,
 And scorn the prize which was so quickly won,
 Now other beauties do possess that heart,
 Which once I thought my own, but O fond fool,
 Why did my vanity extend so far,
 To think that I had Charms enough to keep
 One of that Sex which ne're were constant yet?

Org. *Armena*, I confess I've been unkind
 But oh it was not without wond'rous reason:

Arm. Did I e're give you cause, No *Orgillus*,
 The tender Mother of her sucking Infant,
 Was never half so fond, as I of thee.
 I must confess indeed I was below ye,
 But sure my Love might make amends for that.
 What cause then could'st thou find so soon to slight me?

Org. O my best life, think not 'twas want of love,
 No my *Armena* I so truly love thee,

That to thee I'll unclasp my burthen'd Soul,
Empty the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
Make my self poor of Secrets, will not leave,
One thought untold that dwells within my breast.

Arm. What e're it be my Lord that does disturb you,
O Let me know't, that I may bear a part.

Org. Thou shalt my Love, but oh take heed *Armene!*
Be very Cautious, and keep close the secret.
For 'tis so great, my life relies upon't.

Arm. Can *Orgillus* then doubt me, Oh unkind,
That very word Confirms you do not love.

Org. Pardon me dearest, I'll distrust no more.
Know then, the King, the Queen, and *Ithocles*,
Did all conspire my Ruine, and disgrace,
I once was favour'd, and belov'd at Court,
I was the darling of the King and People;
But when the King was wedded to *Semanthe*,
All that great love which he before had shewn me,
He took away at once from *Orgillus*,
And streight bestow'd it on *Semanthe's* Brother.

This I forgave, and thought it was my duty,
To resign place to'ch Brother of my Queen,
But Oh a worse disgrace he threw upon me,
For *Ithocles*, this upstart Favourite,
Crept into the opinion of the Queen,
And by her mediation to the King,
Got from me all the Offices I bore, and gave 'em all to him.
This, this *Armene*, hangs upon my Soul,
More heavy far then lies the Load on *Atlas*.
But didst thou Love, didst thou but truly Love,
I yet might find a way to crown my peace.

Arm. O name it *Orgillus*! and if I fail,
T'assist in ought that may produce thy quiet,
May I ne'r taste the Joys that are on Earth,
Nor the Immortal pleasures dwell in Heav'n.

Org. Thou only Miracle of woman kind,
How cou'd I merit so much wondrous Goodness?
Know then *Armene* to revenge my wrongs,
I have design'd the death o'ch King and Queen.
But cannot do't without thy kind assistance.

Arm. How *Orgillus*?

Org. What d'ye start *Armene*?
Nay then I have deliver'd up my life

To one that has determin'd to betray me.

Arm. Indeed my Lord this is the only thing,
I shou'd i'th least have scrupled to have done.
But yet to shew how well, how true I love,
I'll strive in this to serve my *Orgillus*.

Org. O let me take thee Closer to my heart,
My dearest Saint, my life, my Soul, my heav'n:

Arm. I must Confess I could not easily
Embarque in a design of so much horror;
But O my Lord you have receiv'd indignities,
Disgrace so infamous, and wrongs so Lowd,
Enough to shake a Saint, wrongs of that weight
That I have wonder'd you cou'd bear and Love:
Nay, but to think what crying Injuries.

What vile injustice the ingratitude,
Of a false Court has heap'd on my dear Lord,
Has sometimes Rowz'd that Gall, that Just resentment,
Even in poor, poor *Armene*, that I've wish'd,
A Masculine Nerve in this female Arm,
Able to weild a Sword in your hard cause,
And be my dearest injur'd Love's Avenger.

Org. My Beauteous Champion, my Lovely Heroine,
In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound:

Arm. I must be gone, the Queen will streight expect me,
But oh my *Orgillus*, with thee I leave
My Heart, which shall be ever faithfull to thee:

And tho' the world my fault will disapprove,
I'd venture more to serve the man I love. [Exit *Arm.*]

Manet Orgillus.

Org. Poor Loving fool, with how much ease thou'rt caught,
That man that wou'd Successfull be in mischief,
Must by one means, or other, hook in woman;
Mischief's they'r study, mischief is their Trade,
And suret' was for that only they were made.
For when a woman once in mischief Joyns,
She's sure to gain whatever she designs.

Enter Menaphon.

Now Brother Tryumph, things exceed our wisht;
I've wrought *Armene* up to such a height,

She as

Sh'as vow'd to second us in our Revenge.

Men. 'Tis well, but let us hast to meet the King.

Hark

*Trumpets Drums; and
Shouts afar off.*

Those Shouts inform us he is near the City;

And if our Plot goes right, near to his Grave.

Again! Good Heav'n

With how much Joy they welcome him to Death.

Come Orgillus, let us go meet this man

Who Swell'd with Conquest comes with Tryumph on.

Trumpets and Drums on one side.

On the Other, Flutes, Flutes, and other Musick.

Enter on one side, the King, Meleander, Lattimus, Capitain, & Guards.

On the oth. r. The Queen, Ithoekes, Marcella, Menaphon,

Orgillus and Arimena attend.

The King and Semanthe meet and Embrace.

King. O my Semanthe take me to thy breast,
And let me Grow for ever in thy Arms.

By Heav'n my Joys are much too great to bear,
Shou'd I gaze longer on this Charming fair,
Such killing brightness from her eyes she'd cast,
I shou'd not have the power to stand before 'em.

Sem. My Lord, my life, O how shall I express
My wonderous Bliss, to see you safe return'd!
I swear I think the Joys of Heaven too poor
To put in ballance with this one bless'd hour.

King. My dear, dear happyness, my all I prize;
I swear my Lords; and O bear witness for me,
You mighty Powers that have in war preserv'd me
I joy not half so much in all my Conquests,
As I do now in this dear happy minute,
Clasping Semanthe in my Longing Arms.

[Whilst the King goes and Salutes Marcella]

[Meleander comes towards the Queen]

Sem. O wellcome Brother, wellcome Meleander,
From all the dreadfull hazards of the war,
Wellcome above the world next my Lov'd Lord.

Mele. I thank you Royall Sister, and I beg
Your favour for this youth, my lifes preserver.

[presents]

Lattimus.

Lattimus

[Lattinius Kneels, and kisses her hand]
[The Queens hand]

Isho. The more I look upon that Lovely youth,
The more I see of poor *Stenilia* in him,
My Sister who before this war fled from me,
Whither I know not, nor for what strange Cause: [Aside]

Men. Health and Success attend your Majesty,
[Kneeling.] May all the Glories that your Arms have won,
Be doubled on you, and your Conqu'ring Sword
Be ever thus Successful 'gainst your foes.

King. Rise *Menaphon*, my true, my faithfull freind,
O what return is in my power sufficient,
To recompence thee for thy wonderous care,
Of my *Semanthe* and my Kingdoms safety.
I swear cou'd I bestow a Crown upon thee,
'Twould be too little to requite thy merits.

Men. What I have done, was nothing but my duty,
And wou'd do more, if more were in my power,
To serve my Royall Lord.

King. I know thou wou'dst. I know thy honesty,
To be as great as ever dwelt in man,
And know besides, that shou'd I spend my Life
In thanks to Heav'n for making me so bless'd,
With Loyall Subjects, faithful valiant Warriours,
But above all with my *Semanthes* Love,
'Twould be too little. O my brightest Star!
Let me again infold the next my heart.

Thus breathe my Soul into thy throbbing bosome,
I cou'd grow mad with my excese of blis,
And end my Life this moment in thy arms.

Men. How soon this mighty Scene of love will vanish,
When once he finds my Poyson working in him. [Aside]

Isho. My Royall Lord, since you're so bless'd by fate,
And Heav'n has given you all you can desire,
Let me implore who want your Royall favour,
Your kinb Consent to make your vassall happy.

King. O *Ishocles*! if ought is in my power
To recompence thy Loyalty and Courage,
Be quick and let me know how I may serve thee.

Isho. Great Sir, upon my knees I beg forgiveness,
That I presume to ask so great a gift.

But

But love Reigns strongly in my tortur'd breast;
And tho' I'me loved; by her my Soul most Covets.
'Tis your Consent alone can make me happy.
Since 'tis *Marcellia* Sir for whom I sue.

Mele Ha! for *Marcellia* Lord thou suest in vain.
For tho' I yet ne're own'd my Love to her,
I've Long been her Adorer,
And have the Kings Consent to make her mine.

Larr Then I am Lost—

King 'Tis true brave *Ishobels*.
Before I knew thy Love, I'de given my promise
And never can consent she shall be thine,
Whilst one so powerful stands in Competition.

Mar O Sir, upon my knees let me intreat you:
Force not my Inclinations, 'tis most true,
That I have given my heart to *Ishobels*,
And never can consent to love another.

Meleander is too noble sure to seek!

The love of one that must deny his passion.

Mele Why Cruell fair? am I so far unworthy?
That you should scorn me thus to please a Rival,
He cannot more then I adore *Marcellia*,
Nor Venture more to shew how much he loves.
I have the King's Consent—

Itho But I *Marcellia's*.

Mar And when I'e consent to love another,
Heav'n shut your bright gates against me, banish me,
From the blest'd Realms of your Immortal day.
May I—

King No more thou Cheap Ignoble fool,
That durst to own a Love without my knowledge;
To you my Lord I ever shew'd such kindness—
As might have kept you from so base an Act,
To Court thus privately a Niece of mine,
Forget her, and I'll own thee still my Friend.
Persist in it, and thy Life answers for it.

Itho Forget her! No, if I must lose *Marcellia*,
Death is the kindest thing you can bestow,
And I wou'd now most willingly embrace it.
Since I must never hope to obtain my Love.
For you, my Lord, it shews most base in you
To offer to invade Another's right.
Our hearts, our Souls, are join'd by Solemn Contract.

And

And tho' the King's Consent on my side's wanting,
 Her Constant heart is never to be Chang'd.
 Therefore I know your Courtship will be vain.

Lar. Pray Heav'n it be ———

[*Aside*

King. Well Sir, leave that to time.

But now to shew how much thy vanity;
 And thy unlook'd for suit, has mov'd thy King,
 As you respect my favour I command you,
 Never make mention of thy impious love,
 For if thou dost, by the great victory
 My arms have gain'd over the bold *Sicilians*,
 Thou shalt no more behold the face of day,
 But in a Dungeon dark as your loves were,
 I'll make thee end the remnant of thy days.

[*to Itho.*

Sem. My Gracious Lord, let me intreat this mercy,
 To Calm your rage 'gainst the unhappy *Ithocles*,
 Consider love's the Occasion of his Crime,
 Whose power alas your Royall self have felt,
 And know 'tis Irresistable.

King. O pardon me, thou Mirrour of thy Sex,
 That I bestow one minute from thy arms:
 But shall *Semantes* Brother plead in vain,
 He who feels flames as great as *Ithocles*,
 It must not be; by Heav'n my love it must not:
 Conduct *Marcella* straight to her Apartment,
 And let none visit her without my Order.

[*to Armena.*

[*Exit Marcella weeping with Armena.*

Come my *Semantes*, after all the Hazards
 That do attend on war, the happyness
 Of thy blest'd presence, makes me feel new life:
 On to the Temple, where when we have given,
 Our thanks to the great Powers that have preserv'd us.
 Impatiently I'll wait the approach of night.

Then wrap'd in loves Immortall Paradise,
 I'll revell in unutterable Bliss: [*Exit Omnes.*

Prætor Ithocles,

Itho. Strike home dear Thunder, end my ling'ring pains:
 Did ever Lover feel my Pangs and live?
 Never was man furrounded with my Glory.
 Th' intire possessor of the Constant love,

Of one so Beautiful, so divinely fair,
 And yet am doom'd to famish in despair,
 So the poor naked Slave digs in the mine,
 And sees the Glittering Ore around him shine,
 But does with hopeless eyes that wealth behold,
 Wretched and starv'd, amidst a mine of Gold.

[Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

The Third A C T.

S C E N E I.

Meleander discover'd in's Night-Gown.

Mele. Night Glad in black, mourns for the loss of day,
 And hides the Silver spangles of the Sky,
 That not a spark is left to light the world,
 Whilst quiet sleep the Nourisher of life,
 Takes full possession on mortality.
 All Creatures take their rest in soft repose,
 No Spirit moves upon the breast of Earth,
 But howling Dogs, night-Crows, and Screeching Owls,
 Despairing Lovers, and Pale Meager Ghosts.

Enter Lattinius.

Lattinius here! why dost thou break thy rest?
 This is an hour, wretches shou'd only wake.
 Why weeps my pretty Boy?

Latt. To see your Sorrow,
 And think it is not in my Power to help you:
 For by those Sacred Guardians over us,
 I cannot think that dang'rous Enterprize,
 I wou'd refuse to purchase your content.

Mele. Alas! my sufferings are past thy redress,

But

But yet I thank thee for thy care and Love,
 I doat on one, colder then Alpine Snow.
 One that would rather dye to please my Rivall,
 Then live the Empress of the World with me.
 Is there a cure for this? O there is none;
 For were there any pittying, God above
 Touch'd with Commiseration of my grief,
 And shou'd descend to plead in my behalf,
 By Heav'n I think she wou'd with scorn receive him,—
 Stand the Temptation of a Golden show'r,
 And Jove himself in all his shapes unalter'd.

Latt. Might I without offence declare my thoughts,
 I'de have you cast your eyes on other beauties,
 Search natures Store, and find some noble'r choice,
 T'adorn your Nuptial bed.

Mel. O if I cou'd,
 Embrace thy Counsell I were truly happy;
 But know I love, and dye for that dear Charmer,
 And Cruell as she is, must still persist,
 Another Choice! No 'tis impossible:
 The rest of that fair Compar'd with her,
 Wou'd seem like drossy mettalls to pure Gold.

Latt. O dismal sound! in all this mighty Transport:
 I find but little hopes for poor *Statillia*. [*Aside.*
 But yet my Lord—

Mel. O talk no more *Lattinius*,
 Unless thy words are praises of her beauty.
 Describe each grace of the Divine *Marcellia*,
 Let every thing thou utter'st sound her name,
 And I will sit and listen to thy Musick,
 As sweet as the Melodious Quires of Heav'n,
 Or sure Salvation to departing Souls.

Latt. Why should it be so sweet to hear the name,
 Of one whose Pride is to be your Tormentor,
 Who is the Cause of all your sighs, *Marcellia*?
 Who is't that makes you curse your fate? *Marcellia*?
 Who is it that unmans you but *Marcellia*?
 Who is't that pays your constant love with scorn?
 Who is't that doats on *Ithocles*, your Rivall?
Marcellia still, whose very name is Musick,
 Sweeter then the Melodious quires of Heav'n,
Marcellia is the cause—

Mel. No more I charge you.

For your Officious love grows troublesome,
 Away, begone, and leave me to my thoughts.
 Still art thou here?

Latt. Alas! I cannot leave you :
 Upon my knees I beg if you e're lov'd,
 Forgive my forward Zeal, and let me serve you.
 P'le to this Cruell woman, tell her all :
 Describe each Pang, that tears your Love-sick heart,
 Count o're the hours you wast in sad Complaints ;
 If she was nurs'd by any thing but Tygers,
 I doubt not but to move Compassion in her.
 Try me my Lord—

Mel. Alas! 'twill be in vain.
 She's Colder then the North, Impenitrable
 As Rocks of Adamant, and scarce will hear
 A message sent from me.

Latt. Fear not my Lord.

Mel. O I have wondrous reason.
 But since I find thou wou'dst fain do me service,
 For once I will Employ thee; tell her then,
 If Possible, each sigh thou'st heard me utter;
 How much above the world I prize her Love :
 Tell her what dangers I wou'd undertake,
 To Gain one smile from her: wilt thou do this?

Latt. Indeed my Lord I will.

Mel. My better self,
 But see the morning-Star breaks from the East,
 To tell the world her great Eye is awak'd,
 To take his Journey to the western Vales.
 And now the Court begins to rise with him,
 Go to her then my faithfull dear *Lattinius*,
 Lay if thou canst my Dying Groans before her,
 And Bath her feet with tears to move her Soul.

Latt. -I will do all that lies within my Power.

Mel. Farewell my Pretty Boy, and some kind Angell,
 Instruct thee with the means to gain her Pitty,

[Exit *Mel.*]

Latt. O misery! was ever fate like mine!
 To Languish for the love of that dear man,
 Whose heart alas is Conquer'd by another?
 The rest—
 Of my more prosperous Sex compared with me,

Are Goddesses, in Glitt'ring Chariots ride
And make their Lovers vassalls to their Pride,
But I, poor I, seek mine, and am deny'd.

[Exit

SCENE II.

Enter Menaphon and Orgillus.

Men. Now Brother does the fatal time draw on,
That must or give me Death, or full revenge,
For all the Scorn, and slights were thrown on me,
By that Proud, haughty, and disdainfull Beauty.
This hour shall put an end to all her quiet,
For I will work the King to that degree
Of Rage, and Jealousy, that if his Soul
Can harbour any sence of those great wrongs,
As he most Certain shall believe is done him,
I know Immediate Death must be her Lot,
And sure destruction to the man you hate.

Org. O that the wish'd for deed were once effected,
That I might see this Rivall to my Glory,
Fix'd in a Dungeon, or his hated Soul,
Sent to the place, where I cou'd wish it Hell.

Men. Doubt not my Brother, but that time's at hand,
Look on the Liquor this small Glasse Contains,
Infuse three drops of it, i'th wine he drinks,
So many hours his Sences will be shut,
And Lay him in the Leaden hand of sleep,
Which when perform'd, we may with as much ease,
Work our designs on him, as 'tis to think it.

Org. By Heav'n thy Plot deserves Eternall Fame:
But Brother near as we can guess the hour,
Let it be when the Queen prepares for Supper.

Armene at that time by Instructions,
Shall give *Semante* the same sleeping Draught.

Men. Haste then my Brother, tell her our design,
Whilst I infect the King with Jealousy,
He comes this way; retire, leave me alone,
And doubt not but we shall have wish'd success.

Org. Farewell.
And in each path may Fortune be your Guide.

[*Exit Org.*

Enter

Enter King, Guards, and Attendants.

King. How now my Lord? possess'd with serious thoughts.

M.n. I'm thinking Sir, what 'tis to wrong a King,
And in what pain that honest man must live,
That fees him wrong'd, and dares not tell him on't.

King. I think that man who knows his Prince abus'd,
And yet conceals it from him most disloyall,
For sure it is a Crime unpardonable,
To think a wrong 'gainst an Annoyted head.

Men. But Sir, when those that do it are in Power,
And a poor shrub is all that can accuse 'em,
He'd hardly gain belief of what h'as seen,
And death must pay the honest fool his wages.

King. Not if he can shew Proof of what he says.

Men. My Liege, I beg a moments Privacy.
For I've a wond'rous secret to impart;

King. Retire a while.

[*Ex. Attendants.*

Now *Menaphon*, your bus'ness:

Men. O Sir, I've such a Story as will scorch,
Your boyling veins into so hot a Fever,
Will make your heart-strings burst, and set a-float
The burning Lake within 'em.

King. Ha! be quick:

Men. If it were possible, I'de keep it in.

But 't has long struggled in my breast for vent.
My Lord I know too sure that you are wrong'd.

King. Ha!

Men. Wrong'd in the highest Point, wrong'd in your honour.
Upon my knees I kiss this Prostrate Earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue shall speak—
Since it proceeds from nought but Love and duty,
May either be forgiven or forgot.

King. You have it, rise, discharge an open breast.

Men. O my dread Leige, my words will raise a Storm,
Able to stagger all your Royal reason:
I wish my Loyall heart could cover sin,
But love and my Allegiance bid me speak,

King. Speak then, and do not wrack me with delay:

Men. Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
The first that ever made us taste of grief,
And all of whom in Torments we complain:

Ye Devils, shap'd like Angells, through whose deeds;
Our forked flames are made most visible.
No Soul of sense, wou'd wrong bright Majesty:
Nor stain their blood, with such Impurity.

King. Nay good my Lord, leave off this Mistick speech,
And give me knowledge from a plainer phraise.

Men. Then Plainly thus my Lord, your Bed's abus'd:
O foolish Zeal, that makes me desperate.
Your Queen has sin'd, and done a double wrong
To you, her self, and sacred Chastity.
O she has lost her honour, she that looks,
All health without, within is all Contagion.

King. How *Menaphon*! Beware, think where thou'rt going,
Endeavour not to blast *Semanthes* virtue,
Had'st thou thy fence about thee 'twere impossible
Thy tongue cou'd utter such blasphemous Sounds;
Therefore I pardon thee for what thou'st said,
And think it only the effects of madness:
But if like this you add one Syllable more,
Thou dost Pronounce upon thy self a sentence,
That Earthquake-like will swallow thee.

Men. Let it open.
Better that I, and thousands more shou'd perish,
Then live to see our Royall Lords Dishonour.

King. Ha! —————

[Offers to draw:]

Men. Do, I lay my bosom bare before you;
Kill me, because I love you and speak truth:
Is this the merit of a Roman faith?
Have I for this then play'd the watchfull *Argos*,
To sound the very depth of her designs?
I had been mad indeed, a doating fool,
'T have told you this without I'd had some proof.
But know my Leige, did not your Rage devour you,
And passion too much over sway your reason?
I cou'd relate a tale so full of horreur,
'T would startle all mankind to here it told:
But since I find you'd rather hug your shame,
Then bravely to Revenge the wrongs you suffer,
Send to the Grave, this forward Zealous fool,
That durst attempt to tell his King the truth.

King. Had I just cause, I wou'd pursue such injuries,
Through fire, ayr, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to *Chaos*, but there's none,

And

And therefore thou that hast Blasphem'd her virtue,
Shalt have thy Just reward—

[Draws]

Men. Yet hold my Lord;
Since I am Enter'd in this desperate cause,
And you think Death to be my due reward,
Let me before the fatall Blow is given,
Beg one short minute not to Plead for life,
But let your know I dye for Loyallty :

King. Which if thou dost,

Men. Which if I do not,
May the Immortall Powers at the last day,
Shut all the Shining Gates of Heav'n against me,
And hurl me head-long to the burning Lake.

King. I know thou'rt Valliant, and with valliant minds,
Slander is worse then theft or Sacrilege.

A step beyond the utmost Plagues of Hell,
And therefore I will hear what thou canst say
If thou canst shew me any Certain Proof.

[Puts up his sword.]

(Which by the Gods it is a Sin to think)
That my *Semanthe's* false, instead of threats,
Thou shalt in ev'ry thing find favour from me :
But if thou dost not, by my Fathers Soul,
Imagine what makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee.

Men. Willingly.

I do Embrace this kind Proposall, Sir.
Know then, the man (or rather Stile him Monster,)
That does thus Impiously defile your Bed,
Is *Ithocles*.

King. Well *Menaphon*, go on :

I'll patiently hear every word you utter,
But shall expect strong proofs ere I believe.

Men. Which if I do not give, my lifes the forfeit.

King. I've done.

Men. My Lord, you know early this morning,
You went your self to take a view o'th' Army.
No body left behind, but I, and *Ithocles*.

For having long before had some suspicion,
I did indeed neglect my duty too,

To try if I cou'd gain a farther Proof
Of what before I but suspected only ;
And having watch'd the Queen in the Garden,
I plac'd my self unseen behind the Bower,

When

When freight I spy'd Lord *Isholes* approach,
 With all the haſt, belonging to a Lover,
 He flew to the Embraces of the Queen,
 And ſigh'd, and gaz'd, and kiſs'd and Curs'd his fate,
 That he cou'd not Poſſeſs that Heav'n alone :
 She threw her ſnowy Armes about his Neck,
 Imbrac'd him Cloſe, O *Isholes* (ſays ſhe)
 Thou darling of my Soul be ever thus ;
 Thus wiſe, thus ſecret in the ſcene of love,
 And keep it ſafe from the deluded King.

King. What ſhou'd I think ? he durſt not ſure ſay this,
 Were he not very Certain of the truth ;
 Beſides the man was ever Counted honeſt,
 He's young and handſome, Valliant, and diſcreet, [*Aſide.*
 And I my ſelf have prov'd his Loyalty,
 Theſe are not Marks belonging to a Villain.

O thou haſt wak'd me, and thy piercing words
 Have ſplit my ſence in ſunder, and cou'd I, [*to him.*
 Live to behold at once the general end,
 And ſee the World wrap'd in its funeral Flame,
 When the Bright Sun ſhall lend its Beams to burn,
 What he before brought forth, and water ſerve,
 Not to Extinguiſh but to Nurſe the Fire,
 It wou'd not give me half the Torturing Pangs,
 As does the thoughts thou'ſt rais'd within my breaſt.
 But yet I muſt expect an Occular Proof,
 For tho' thy words have rais'd a ſtorm within me,
 I muſt have ſtronger reaſons that ſhe's falſe.

Men. Why then to ſhew you Sir how much I love you,
 And with what Zeal I've ſtrove to ſerve my King,
 I'll ſhew theſe two ſeeming Saints, (but Devils,)
 Even in the Act of ſin that needs muſt damn 'em.

King. Ha ! In the Act ! it is impoſſible :

Men. It is indeed to Nick the very time ;
 But I will ſhew you ſomething Comes ſo near,
 You may with eaſe imagine what's been done :
 But know my Liege when theſe dark deeds are done,
 'Tis when they're very certain of your abſence,
 Therefore might I be worthy to adviſe,
 Early i'th' morning make ſome ſlight pretence,
 That may detain you till the following day,
 Then if I do not give you certain Proof,
 Of the Queens falſhood, cut me into Atoms.

King. Is't possible ! O this Land-Crocodile,
Made of Egyptian slime ! Accursed woman,
Wou'd when I first beheld her tempting face,
My eyes had met with Lightning, and instead
Of hearing her Inchanting tongue, the shrieks,
Of Mandrakes had made musick to my Slumbers.

Men. My Lord be Patient, see before you doubt :

King. I will, nay thou sha't see me wond'rous Patient,
For yet I cannot think *Sempronius* false,
Tho' words like thine, urg'd with such Confidence,
To any man but me, wou'd turn him mad.
Farewell my Lord, and see you keep your promise,
For if thou dost not, Vengeance, Hell, and Horrour,
Shall certainly attend thy Canker'd Soul. [Ex. King]

Manet Men.

Men. Rowl on the Chariot Wheels of my dark Plot,
And bear my ends to their desired Marks,
He's gone with black suspicion in his heart,
And made his Soul a slave to Jealousy :
Let him go on, on to the Gulph of Ruine,
As sure he shall when I have work'd my Ends :
Now to my Brother, O thou Credulous King,
The Tortur'd Ghosts that dwell i'th' dark Abyss,
Have pleasant Hours to what thou sha't enjoy.
For when the black designs that I have laid,
Are brought to pass, then, then comes all thy pain,
And thou sha't never taste of Peace again. [Exit]

S C E N E I V.

The Scene drawn discovers Marcellia sitting Melancholly.

A Song within.

I. Were I with my Orinda blest,
Of the dear Maid Possess'd,
It wou'd in Angell's Envy breed,
To see our Joys shou'd theirs exceed,
One minute wou'd more bliss bestow,
Than they in Thousand Ages know.

h. A.

11. *All over Rapture when shall I
Wish you in Transport by
On thy soft bosom to be plac'd?
To be by those dear Arms Embrac'd:
Is better far than Diadems:
Wish all the Eastern useles Jems.*

Marcellia Rises.

Mar. No more of this, it suites not with my sorrow,
For one so wretched, and so lost as I —
The Groans of Tortur'd Ghosts were fitter Musick:
O *Ishocles*! Part'ner of my Afflictions,
With much more Joy, and vast contentedness,
Wou'd I embrace my death within thy Arms,
Then live possess'd o'th' World thus sever'd from thee:
O King, King, O my too Cruell Uncle;
With what a weight of sorrow do you load me,
Be kind and give me ease by present Death.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. One from Prince *Melander* Craves Admittance.

Mar. Altho' I hate the name of him he comes from,
Yet that I may have Opportunity
To vent my passion by my scorn, admit him. [*Ex. Lady.*]

Re-enter with Lattinius and Exits.

Latt. Divinest Excellence, whose Conquering eyes,
Have made a Captive of the best of Men,
Do not with scorn repay his faithfull love:
Ah Madam, hither I am sent to lay
His bleeding heart before you, and inform you,
He can no longer live without your pitty;
His tortur'd Soul will quickly leave its Mansion,
Unless your kind Consent will make him happy.

Mar. My, my Consent! Hear me you blest'd above,
If I do ever entertain one thought
Of love to any but my *Ishocles*,
Let me continue wretched, still a Pris'ner,
And never know the blest'd content of Freedom:
This tell your Lord, and let him know beside,

There's not one torturing pang within his breast,
But what's doubled in mine, and he the cause!
Then guess what pitty he must e're expect
From one that suffers all this pain through him.

Latt. Alas his Crime is caus'd by too much love,
Oh had you heard, (as I too oft have done,
The deep-fetch'd sighs have sprung from his sad heart,
The many Groans, beheld the tears h'as shed,
His broken slumbers and his restless thoughts,
You'd sure make a more kind return than scorn.

Mar. Never, Oh never, 'tis not in my power,
My life, my heart, my love is *Ishoeles*'s,
And 'Im too firmly fix'd e're to be Chang'd.

Latt. O on my knees let me return my thanks,
Keep still, keep still this constant resolution,
Bless'd be the Powers that have inspir'd your breast,
With this unshaken faith to *Ishoeles*,
For shou'd you e're consent to *Melander*,
That day that gives you him must give me Death.

Mar. What means the Youth?

Latt. O Look on poor *Stratilla*;
On her who loves above her life that man,
Whom you can entertain with so much scorn:
But by the freindship that was once between us,
And by the constant love you bear my Brother,
Lock up this Secret as you'd guard your life,
Lest the too fatall breath of a discovery,
Shou'd Seal my everlasting Banishment,
Shut from that Blifs his dearest presence gives,
For 'tis there only that *Stratilla* lives.

Mar. O rise, thy Brother's Part'ner in my heart,
And what there is in my poor power to serve you,
You may with Confidence Command: but Sister,
(For so I now must call you, since your Brother
Is made the full possessor of my love,)
You may be kind and let me see you often,
For 'tis a wondrous Comfort to th' afflicted,
To have a kind Companion in their Sorrows.

Latt. O do not doubt it, for your Company
Next *Melanders* is my all I covet;
And sometimes to divert our mournfull hours,
We'll sit, and talk, and sigh, and weep, and wish,
To obtain our loves, but O I fear in vain.

Mar.

Mar. We know not that Heav'n pities the Afflicted,
And time brings many wondrous things to pass;
Mean while, we twins of misery and sorrow,
Will comfort one another, like true friends:
We'll equally share happiness and grief,
And beg some pitying God to send relief.

Ex. Omnes.

SCENE V. A Garden.

Enter King and Semanthe.

Sem. My Lord, If I did e're possess your love,
If you have any kindness for *Semanthe*,
Tell me the meaning of your clouded brow,
And why you seem thus troubled?

King. I have cause:

O my *Semanthe*, in my last nights sleep,
My troubled fancy has been so perplex'd
With dreadful dreams, and hideous Apparitions,
That take away my quiet; for methought,
(O dreadful sight!) methought the verge of Heav'n,
Was Ring'd with flames, and all the upper vault,
Thick laid with flakes of fire, i'th midst of which
A blazing Comet shot his threat'ning tail,
Just in my face; I thought 'twas terrible;
But Oh what after came was that distracts me,
I saw, (O that I cou'd forget the sight)
Just in that Bower, (mark what I say *Semanthe*)
I saw thee sit, and in a short time after,
Lord *Ishocles* came with a lovers speed,
Imbrac'd, Carress'd thee, you requited him
With Amorous looks, soft kisses, twining arms,
With these kind words, O my dear *Ishocles*,
Let us be still thus Secret in our Loves,
And keep it close from the deluded King:

[*Seizes Semanthe roughly by the Hand.*]

But by the Honour of Anoynted heads,
Were both of you hid in a Rock of fire,
Guarded by flaming Ministers of Hell,
By Heav'n I have a sword shou'd make my way,
Through fire, and darkness furies Death to hew
Each Gangreen'd Limb of thee Infernal Sorcerers.

Sem.

Sem. Mercy Protect me, will you murder me?
Alas! I cannot guess the cause of this.

King. O Pardon me *Semambhe*, do not blame me,
For such another dream wou'd quite distract me:
But tell me love, was't not a dreadfull vision?

Sem. It was indeed my Lord, a wond'rous one,
Yet but a dream, for shou'd so great a guilt
Hang on my Honour, 'twere but Justice in you,
If you shou'd tear my false disloyall heart out,

King. Thy heart! nay Strumpet even thy very Soul.

[*Seizes her again.*]

Tear it with fury from thy Cursed Carcase,
And dama it ever in Immortall Death.

Sem. Alas what mean you Sir!

King. O I am mad.

Forgive me dear *Semambhe*, for methinks,
I dream anew, and it distracts me so,
That I take Idle visions to be real;
Leave me *Semambhe*, when these dreadfull thoughts
Have left my troubl'd breast, I'll visit thee.

Sem. The Heav'ns preserve you from those frightfull dreams,
That thus disturb the quiet of my Lord:

[*Ex. Sem.*]

Mayst King.

King. Can she be false! no 'tis impossible:
The vision I have now related to her,
Was only what *Menaphon* sayd he saw.
If she were Guilty, there must needs appear,
Something of a mistrust she was discover'd.
But she looks sweet as Roses, and appears,
Like virgin Lillies in unsully'd Infancy.
If she be Chast then *Menaphon* beware,
For I will have a dire revenge on thee,
The torments us'd in Bloudy Massacres;
And more, if any more can be invented,
Shall surely fall upon thee; but if not,
If she be false, Destruction Ruine, Horrour,
Bloud, bloud, and Death, fair Infidell's thy doom:
And if for Injur'd love's Consummating vengeance,
Beyond the Grave, one Hotter place there be,
In all the hideous spear of wrath divine,
The very Center of damnation's thine.

Ex. King.

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Menaphon, Orgillus, Meeting Armena.

Org. **W**elcome *Armena*, what, is the deed done?

Arm. Speak softly: 'tis

Org. How Long?

Arm. Full half an hour:

Have you perform'd the same by *Ithacles*?

Men. At least an hour ago,

The King too is Conceal'd at my Apartment,

And those few Nobles that Attended him,

He has disper'd on severall Occasions:

I'll to him straight, mean while be it your care,

To fix 'em both 'th' posture that I order'd;

The darkness of the Night so well befriends us,

That you with ease may secretly Convey him

To the Queens Lodgings, which when you've perform'd,

I'll bring the King to see the Dreadfull sight,

That Gorgon like will turn him into stone.

[*Ex. Men.*]

Arm. O *Orgillus*, where do you mean to lead me?

My heart fore-bodes, this ruinous design

Will by the means of the Almighty powers,

Those Sacred Guardians of the Innocent,

Fall on our heads.

Org. An Idle fear *Armenia*.

For 'tis not in the Power of fate it self,

To hinder the design we've so well lay'd:

It is impossible it shou'd be discover'd,

Unless to one another we are false.

Arm. I hope my *Orgillus* does not doubt me,

I who for love of thee cou'd thus betray,

A Queen so kind, so Innocent and Good,

Wou'd not at last discover the dear man,

Whom I have forfeited my faith to serve.

Org. No my best life, thou dearest, kindest Creature,

To doubt thee were a Sin unpardonable,

As much as 'tis impossible to make
 A Return kind enough for thy deserts.
 But see, my Brother, and the King approach,
 Let us retire, and fix the dreadful Scene.

[Ex. Omr.]

SCENE II.

Enter King and Menaphon.

King. O Menaphon, thou'st set me on the wrack,
 What! an Appointment, O my tortur'd Soul,
 If that the Center now this very moment,
 Labour'd to bring forth Earthquakes, and Hell open'd
 Her wide stretch'd Jaws, and let out all her furies,
 I'd rather stand the shock the brunt of all,
 Than but to think 'tis true that thou hast told me.

Men. My Leige, shou'd I not be a desperate mad man,
 To tell you this, were I not Certain on't
 By Heav'n I heard the dark Appointment made,
 Nay more this very hour saw him go,
 To th Queens Apartment.

King. O Perfidious Monster.
 But hast away, shew me the Scene of Lust,
 Let me behold her dallying in his Arms,
 That I may shoot with swifter fate upon 'em,
 Then the Keen'st Bolt in all the Forge of Heav'n.

Men. My Leige I will, but yet 'twere requisite
 Her Brother were a witness of her shame;
 And for the greatest Plague to *Ishocles*,
 Let his *Marcellia* too be a Spectator.

King. It shall be so, send speedily away,
 And bid 'em meet me in the Queens Apartment.

Men. Who waits? *Nearchus*.

Enter Nearchus.

Near. My Lord.

Men. Away,
 Hast to *Marcellia*, and to *Melander*.
 And bid 'em instantly attend the King,
 He'll be ith Queens Apartment.

King.

King. Nearchus,
Here take my signet, and release *Marcella*,
And bid 'em not to make a moments stay — [*Ex. Near.*]

Men. Come Sir, now you shall find how true I love you,
Now you shall see the care of your poor Servant :
With how much pains h'as watcht these brooding Monsters,
And how at last h'as ta'ne 'em in the toil.

King. Light'ning and Earthquakes, Horrour and despair,
O the high Billows of my Stormy Soul !
If it be so, Mark, mark me *Menaphon*,
No *Lybian* Lyons rob'd of her young,
Rowzes her self more fiercely from her Den,
Then I will do to crush this pair of Vipers.
O thou sha't see with what a brave Revenge,
I'll tear the heart from the Adulterers,
And make the blood of the false Scorpion cure me.

Men. 'Twill be but Justice for to wrong a King,
O Heav'n defend me, it is so damn'd a Crime,
That Hell it self before ne're bred a Feind,
Cou'd entertain a thought so infamous :
But Sir, the time draws near, will you away ?

King. Yes I will go :
With Light'ning in my eyes, in my heart Vengeance.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE. III.

*The Scene drawn, discovers Ithocles, and Semanthe
A-sleep on a Couch, Arm in Arm.*

*Enter Menaphon with a Light, followed by the
King, Meleander, and Marcella.*

King. Patience you Gods, hold, hold, my boyling blood.
O 'twere a rare and Exquisite revenge,
To join their Hearts on my Swords point as close,
As their Ingend'ring lips.

Mele. What do I see !

Vengeance and Horrour, do I wake or dream !
What, Arm in Arm, O I can hold no longer.
Take, take Adult're's thy just reward —

Draws. *Runs to the Queen, and the King stops him.*

King. Hold, hold, I charge you; for that brave Revenge,
Is due to me alone, wake, wake, you Monsters,
That e're I send you to th' infernall shades,
I may a while torture your Souls on Earth,
And let you know what 'tis to wrong a King.

*Ithocles wakes, and seeing the Queen by him, starts:
And turning round sees the King.*

Itho. Where am I! ha! What dreadful Vision's this!
If I do wake, some pittying God above,
Be kind, and end my life this very moment.
My Lord the King—

King. Yes Monster 'tis the same,
Who is come hither to behold a Sight,
Wou'd damn a Saint, and blast a Balfalisk,
To see two brooding Vipers mix their Poisons,
And a Lascivious lewd Adul'ters burn,
With lust far more Tempestuous, Flames far hotter,
Then that great day when the young Charlotier,
Missed the Sun, and set the World on Fire:
O I'm not able to endure the Torture:
My Guards there.

Enter Guards Attendants, and Penthea.

Seize on that Infernal Felnd.

Guards seize Ithocles.

Itho. My Gracious Lord, hear me but speak one moment:

King. Be gone you slaves, and house him in a Dungeon;
Load him with Irons, lay more weight on him,
Then ought to hang upon his Canker'd Soul,
When he reflects upon his Monst'rous Crime.

Guards force him out.

Mar. O Eyes, after this Object see no more:

O lead me, lead me from the dismall Scene: [to Penthea.

Let me no more behold the face of day,
But in a Place fit for so lost a Wretch,
In darkness End my miserable Life.

There from the false deluding Flatt'ring Tongues,

O Faithless men, for ever I'll remain.

And ne're believe that Perjur'd Sex again.

[Exit Mar. weeping led by Penthea.

King.

King. Who wou'd believe a Guilty wretch like her,
Cou'd take a sleep so sound——— [*Semanthe wakes.*]
But see she wakes,
And seems amaz'd to see her lover gone :
Turn this way wretched thing, and look on me.

[*Semanthe runs amazedly to the King.*]
Sem. My Lord the King ! O take me to your arms,
And sheild me from that lean devouring feind :
O Sr, I've had a dream of so much horroure,
'Twould Certainly have run me to distraction,
Had not the sight of you awak'd my spirits :
But my dear Lord, I little did expect,
T'have had your wish'd for company to night.

King. Hear, hear you Gods the Cunning of this Syren.
Look down upon the Sex which you have made,
To Curse Mankinde and fill the world with plagues.
O Devill, Devill in thy properest shape,
How canst thou look upon me but with Horroure ?

Sem. Alas ! what means my Lord ? sure I dream still,
I do beseech you speak not such harsh words,
My tender heart unus'd to these strange sounds,
Struggles within me, as 'twou'd leave its dwelling.

King. Peace, peace thou Artfull Strumpet, talk no more.

Sem. What is he Angry ?—— [*to Mele.*]

Mele. Blackest vengeance seize thee.

Where hadst thou Impudence to ask that question ?

Sem. Good Heav'n what unknown Crime have I committed,
To Pull that Curse from *Meleanders* mouth ? [*weeps.*]

Sem. My Royall Lord——— [*to the King*]

King. Damnation Stop thy Speech :
Go take this Viper to your Custody,—— [*to Bassanes.*]
And let her not behold the face of day.

Sem. May I not know my fault ?

King. Perdition seize thee :
Away with her, let me not hear her speak.

Sem. Have you no pity ?

King. Dogs have you no ears ?

Sem. Stay but one Moment——— [*to Bassanes*]

King. Better swallow fire.

Sem. Brother, Plead for me ;

Mele. Sulpher Choak thy voice. [*Exit Meleander*]

[*Exit Semanthe forc'd out by Guards.*]

King. O I am all within a burning *Etna*,
My blood boyles hotter then the Poison'd flesh
Of *Hercules* Cloath'd in the *Centaur's* Shirt.

Men. Had I not seen, I never cou'd have thought,
Semantke of all womankind was false.

King. She, 'tis no wonder friend, for by yon Heav'n,
The Sex is all perdition,
When nature shall all blaze and the Poles crack,
Hell Gape, and all its Sulph'rous mines burst out,
'Tis only woman that must light the fire.

Men. O horror! what a Tempest have I rais'd?
Dear Sir, no more, Cease this wild rage.

King. I've done—

[*Pauses.*]

And now will study for a dire revenge.
Rise from thy Scorching Den thou Soul of mischief,
And teach me Torments ne're before invented,
Swell me revenge, till I become a Hill,
High as *Olimpus* Cloud dividing Top,
That I may fall, and crush 'em to the Center.
O that I cou'd make her an Age in Dying,
And O that her's were like *Prometheus* heart,
And I'th immortal vulture to Torment it.

Men. O Royall Sir, upon my knees I beg,
If all the Service that I ever did you,
Can merit but the smallest spark of favour,
Hear me but speak, 'tis true, she ought to Dye,
Her Crime I must confess unpardonable;
But O consider Sir, think on her Sin,
Think on the Anger Heav'n must bear against her:
And shou'd you send her hence loaded with Guilt,
T'wou'd forfeit all her Joys i'th other world;
Therefore most Sacred Sir, I do intreat,
That you wou'd spare her time for a repentance.

King. Repent! Alas! thou knowst not what thou sayst.
Is't possible a woman e're can Pray!
No friend, the only use they make of Heav'n, is
To be forsworn by't, but my sence turns wild,
And throngs of thoughts are crowding for a passage.
By all my hopes she shan'tout-live this night,
Even now I'll bath my hands I'th Stumpets blood:
Farewell my Lord, and e're the morning Dawns,
Thou sha't behold these hands Steep'd in her Gore,
And even her name raz'd from my memory.

From

From this wild rage, her Death shall free my Soul,
 And I forget I had a Queen so foul,
 For ever scorn, nay loath all woman-kind.
 But oh my former Peace, I ne're shall find.

[*Ex. King.**Manet Menaphon.*

Men. So, my designs at last have gain'd their end :
 But stay, *Armene* lives, and she's a Woman,
 By Consequence too leakey to keep secrets.
 My Brother therefore must dispatch her straight ;
 By Heav'n to Night, she must not live till morn,
 For that frail Sex is so much given to talk,
 They are not silent in their very sleeps,
 And tho' the secrets they're intrusted with,
 Are ev'n the Hinges that their own lives hang on,
 Their slippery tongues, are all so giv'n to stir,
 That death's the only thing can keep 'em still.

Therefore to make our great Foundation sure,
 Her talking Malady by Death we'll cure. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. A Prison.

Ithocles discover'd Chain'd, and lying on a Couch.

A Lamp burning by him.

Itho. To what may I compare this dismal place ?
 Sure 'tis a grave, A Tomb for living Men,
 Or else a Place form'd by Conspirators,
 To lay those dark and Damnable designs,
 That dare not look upon the open day.
 You mighty Rulers of the Heav'ns and Earth,
 You Sacred Guardians of poor wretched man,
 Do I deserve these Chains, this loathsome Dungeon ?
 You know my Innocence, you know what spells
 Betray'd me to the Embraces of the Queen :
 You know the Villany of *Menaphon*,
 (For sure 'twas his most damnable design,
 That did Convey me to that fatal place,)
 By what curst drugs he shut my senses up,
 That when I wak'd I spy'd my own undoing.

Enter

Marcellia here ! then sorrow take thy leave,
And nought but Joy inhabit in my breast,
O to my Arms thou Goddess of my days,
Why dost thou thrust me from thee, O my Soul?
Do not thou join too with the Angry powers,
And make my mighty load of misery,
More heavy then before.

Mar. No perjur'd Man,
I come not here t'upbray'd you with your Crime,
But since the King has given me his permission,
To let me see you ; know my Lord I come,
To take my Eternal leave

Itho. What means my Love ?
I know indeed my death draws on a-pace,
My innocence by Villany's betray'd.
But hoped my *Marcellia* wou'd have been more kind,
Then ever to suspect my Constancy.

Mar. Suspect ! Alas, 'twas more then bare suspicion,
'Twas not the Power of the World cou'd move me,
Had I not seen it, to believe thee false :
But when clasp'd Arm in Arm I did behold thee,
And after that thou durst forswear thy Crime,
It adds the Sin of Perjury to Falsehood,
And makes thee seem a Mon'strous thing indeed.

Itho. By the Eternal Lamps that light the Skies,
'Twas Villany and damn'd Contrivance all.
The Plot, and Treachery of *Menaphon*.
The Queen is Innocent as unborn babes,
Tho' fal'n with me in that curs'd Traytors snare.

Mar. O, Men, Men ! who wou'd e're believe your Oaths.
The Moon does not so often change her Course,
As you do Change your loves ; I'll hear no more :
Let me but take one look from those dear eyes.
And now, false Sex farewell.

[offers to go.

Itho. O stay, dear Angell stay ;

Mar. No, my unkind, false Lord, farewell for ever.

Itho. Stay but one minute, stay mistaken sweetness, [Kneels
Do not forsake your Loyall prostr'ate slave.
Here I take root, and grow into my Grave,
Till I have gain'd belief of my *Marcellia*.
O, hear me, hear me, for by you bright Heav'n,

My

My oathes are true, the Gods can witness for me,
They see, they know my heart, my truth, my Soul.

Mar. O *Ithocles*, Stop, stop that fatal Eloquence,
Such were the very Sounds that first undid me:
Thou true! no Cruell man, speak it no more.
I will not hear it named, it is a sound
I never can believe from man again:
Wou'd you be so unkinde t'undo me more?
Did I not see you false, saw your embraces?

Itho. What shall I say, is there no pittying God,
That will descend a witness of my truth?

Mar. No there is none, they all have seen thy falsehood,
Farewell, and O that fatal name of love,
I now shall hear no more, Heav'n grant you freedom,
And may you long inherit happiness,

Possess in ev'ry thing your wish, whilst I,
Go seek some Melancholly Cell and Die— *Ex Mar.*

Maner Ithocles.

Itho. Not hear my Innocence? thou sha't fair murd'refs,
I'll Thunder't in thy Ears till I am dead.

Nay, when thy Scorn has layd my bones in dust,
I'll burst my Marble Load, and tell thee Tyrant,
Thou wert the Chiefest cause of my affliction:
Yes, thou sha't hear—

My murmuring Groans, thy murder'd Lover's Groans,
Whilst all thy Glorious Locks, those beauteous Tresses,
On thy Prowd Forehead fix'd with horreur stand,
Erected like the strutting *Porcupine*,
And the bright fires in those bewitching eyes,

Wane and burn Pale at my approaching Ghost,
And Wish too late for what thy Scorn had lost.

[*Exit Ithocles.*]

SCENE V.

A Banquet set forth. Two Bowls on the Table.

Enter Orgillus.

Org. I've sent according to my Brothers order,
To bid *Armena* meet me instantly,
'Tis near the hour I did appoint her coming;
How easy 'tis for man to be a villain;
He that desires to bend his mind to mischief,

Let him but be a fix'd Industrious knave,
 And he can never fail of his designs.
 I hated *Ithocles*, conspir'd his fall,
 Assisted *Menaphon* in his designe
 Against a Queen virtuous and Innocent:
 But why shou'd I conspire *Armena's* Death?
 I cannot guess what Crime she has Committed;
 But I have waded into villany,
 And to proceed 's less dangerous then retreating,
 The deeper Gulph I have plung'd o're, and now
 Have but the shallower Brink to ford It through.

Enter a Servant.

How now? your news?

Ser. *Armena* Craves admittance.

Org. Conduct her in—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Keep back you Checks of Conscience,
 You shou'd have stung me e're I had began
 This damnable design, 'twould now be base,
 To start from what so firmly was resolv'd.

Enter Armena.

She comes the Sacrifice draws toward the Altar,
 Come near my love, why does my Angell weep?
 Why drops the precious dew from those fair eyes?
 Art thou not well? what means that sigh *Armena*?
 If thou didst ever love me, tell the cause.

Arm. O *Orgillus*, O cruell bloody man!
 To what a Sea of Ruine have you brought me?

Org. Is't Possible! do you repent your kindness?

Arm. Oh as you hope for happiness hereafter,
 As you wou'd gain Immortal peace of Heav'n,
 Be just, and save the Queen, and *Ithocles*,
 Declare to th' King your cursed mint of Forgery,
 Lay open all your Plot of bloud and horreur,
 And save your own, your Brothers Soul and mine:
 For sure Damnation must attend our Crime,
 That thus betrays a pair so Innocent.

Org. How, my *Armena*! What! betray the secret?
 Wou'dst thou then have me Traytor to my Brother?
 Betray the man that has walk'd hand in hand,
 Assisted me in my Revenge! O horrid!

Arm.

Arm. A Traytor to him, no, you'l be's friend,
 You free him from Eternal Punishment.
 D'ye think that Heav'n, (which is in all things Just,)
 Will suffer treachery like ours to scape
 The Punishment our Treason has deserv'd?
 Upon my knees I beg you, as you hope,
 For pleasure here, and happiness hereafter;
 Go to the King, tell him your damn'd designe,
 His Joy to finde the Queen is Innocent,
 Will make him pardon us for our past crimes;
 And all the ill we have already done,
 Will be for ever Cancell'd and forgot.

Org. Sit down my love, and tell me: shou'd I now
 Go to the King, acknowledge ev'ry fault,
 Tell him by what strange execrable means,
 We brought those Innocents into our Snare,
 D'ye think he wou'd forgive us?

Arm. Not that only,
 But Favour us, esteem us his best freinds,
 Commend our happy, blest'd Remorse of Conscience;
 Think ev'ry hour of our remaining life
 Will be repentance, (as I'me sure it ought,)
 To wash the Guilt away that Clogs our Souls.

Org. Since then *Armena* 'twas the love of me,
 Betray'd thee into our dark Consultation,
 I will to thee unfold my nearest Secret;
 My Brother and my self had so design'd,
 The morrow for *Semanthes* Execution,
 But now to shew my Gratitude and love,
 (Together with a sharp remorse of Conscience,)
 I'll change my Cruell, and (too) barbr'ous purpose,
 Content my self with what's already done,
 And rely wholly on the King for mercy.

Arm. And are you real?

Org. As the Powers we serve.

Arm. I thank you from my Soul my dearest Lord,
 You have by this kind grant made me your vassall.

Org. *Armena*, A long life to the fair Queen;
 May she enjoy her former happiness,
 And be as blest'd as thou wilt presently,
 When I've reveal'd our story to the King,
 For sure 'twill over-joy thee.

[*Orgillus drinks.*]

Arm. With more pleasure
I wish her life, then Heirs their Fathers Deaths.

[*Armena drinks out of the Poyson'd Bowle.*]

But O make hast, lest his wild Jealousy,
Shou'd hurry him to do the fatal deed,
Which ne're can be recall'd.

Org. It shall not be recall'd, nor sha't thou hinder it.

Arm. What means my Love ?

Org. Dull thing I'll tell thee :

I did (as now I finde I had some cause,)
Suspect thy mind too wav'ring for a Secret,
Of such great Consequence as ours was :
Therefore thou frail one, with that bowl of poyson,
I've Seal'd thy lips for ever.

Arm. Can it be ?

Is this then the requitall of my love ?
But Oh 'tis now too late for to upbraid thee :
Yet *Orgillus*, tho' you to me are Cruell,
Be mercifull to'th Queen She's Innocent :
O Save her, save her e're it be too late ;
Upon my knees with my last breath I beg, you
Do not persist in that will bring destruction
Even to your long eternity, and blot
Your spotted Soul from the fair Book of Life.

Org. A fit of Conscience ; Pious fool ! but Conscience,
Is all our common frailty, when we're dying.
But to be kinder to you at our parting,
Then let you spend your last short breath in vain,
Employ the little time thou hast to live,
Some other way, and not on talk to me ;
I have got by thee all the good I can :
If thou hadst had a farther Power to serve me,
Thou shoud'st have liv'd, but I have gain'd my End,
And now 'tis for my Int'rest thou shoud'st die.

Arm. You have your wish, I find your words are true,
For Deaths Cold hand has seiz'd upon my heart :
Farewell thou Chief of thy false perjur'd Sex,
And O take heed ! for blood will sure have blood ;
Tho' Cruell as you are, I can forgive you,
And wish that Heav'n wou'd deal so mildly by you ;
My death is only what I have deserv'd.

But

But O beware, let not *Semanthe* Die,
 For hers, will surely be reveng'd at full:
 The fatall Drug works strongly in my breast,
 I feel, I feel my life decay apace;
 You powers forgive me for my Sinfull Crime;
 Take me; O take me to your blest abode;
 Preserve the Queen, let not this black designe,
 Reach her dear life, tho' it has lost me mine. [Dies]

Org. She's gone, now Brother thou'rt secure from fear,
 The Secret now's alone between us two;
 And if we are not Traytors to our selves,
 We must be safe; where shall I now dispose her?
 Stay, let me see, under my window runs,
 A River, very proper for my purpose:
 From thence Immediately I'll cast her in,
 And if she's found, ev'ry one will suppose,
 She met her Death by accident, or else,
 My Brother shall insinuate to the King,
 She was Complotter with the Queen *Semanthe*,
 And Guilt had caus'd her act a desperate deed:
 It shall be so, I'll instantly dispatch,
 And tell my Brother how I have Succeeded.
 Farewell thou loving fool, I pittie thee.

But 'twas not for my safety thou shou'dst live:
 For when we once are Conscientious grown,
 We cannot keep a Secret tho' our own,

[Exit Carrying off *Armena*.]

*The Scene Drawn discovers Semanthe in Prison,
 In her Night-Gown, Reading,
 A Lamp burning by her.*

Sem. All's hush'd, and quiet as the peacefull Grave,
 The Labourer tyr'd with his dayly toil;
 Now takes a sweet repose, but I must wake,
 For ever wake, and never know content,
 Plac'd in a dismall, dark, and Loathsome Jail,
 And cannot guess what Crime I have Committed,
 Nor why the Cruell King is Angry,
 Were I but sensible of any fault,
 I shou'd then think it Justice I were here,
 But cou'd I search my life from the beginning,
 I cannot think a Guilt deserving this.

Enter to her the King.

Whose there at this late hour ? my Lord the King!

King. Yes, yes Adulteress:

Look on me Monster, look on him thou'st wrong'd,
Behold a King that would have dy'd for thee,
And for his faithfull violent Constant love,
Con'dst thou not make him a more kind return.

Sem. O Sir, as you wou'd gain Immortall honour
On Earth, and everlasting Joys in Heav'n,
As you wou'd have your Glorious actions fill
The Book of fame, and like ascending Incense,
Perfume the Skies, and treat th' immortall Gods,
Be kind, and let me know how I've offended,
For by the Sacred lights that shine above,
These eyes yet never saw the rising Sun,
But that my Vows and Prayers were sent to Heav'n,
For the dear safety of my Royall Lord;
Therefore I cannot guess what wond'rous fault,
I have Committed to deserve a Dungeon.

King. O thou bewitching *Siren* dar'st thou plead,
An Ignorance to all thy horrid Guilt,
Nay, then thou are a Monster damn'd indeed,
To Plunge in Sin and pretend Innocence:
I thought, t'have found thee mourning for thy Crime:
For Sinfull as thou art it was my wish,
Thou might'st before thy Death make peace with Heav'n.

Sem. My death! Good Heav'n what means my Royall Lord?
I hope that time is not yet near at hand.

King. Most sure, why cou'dst thou think I'd be so tame,
After I'd found thee false to let thee live?

Sem. How false my Lord? in what?

King. False to my bed.

I need not tell thee, for thou know'st too well,
By Heav'n thou art as light as fleeting ayr:

Sem. Who's my accuser?

King. My own eyes beheld thee,
Clasp'd arm in arm with *Ishocles*.

Sem. Nay then,

I find I am Betray'd, and you Abus'd.

King. Betray'd! Good Heav'n! what does the strumpet mean?
Nay then 'tis time to give the fatall blow:

For

For shou'd I listen longer to her words,
 She wou'd persuade me spight of all I saw,
 To take her to my Arms and pardon her.
 Come thou fair Devil, in thy Prayers reckon,
 The perfect sum of all thy horrid sins;
 There amongst others, pour forth streams of blood,
 For one above the rest, Adul'try, Adul'try, *Semantbe*,
 Such a guilt, as were the Sluces of thy eyes let up,
 Tears cou'd not wash it off.

[Aside.

[sober,

Now turn thy eyes into thy hov'ring Soul,
 And do not hope for life, wou'd Angels sing,
 A *Requiem* at my Herse but to dispense
 With my Revenge on thee, 'twou'd be in vain :
 Prepare to dye.

Sem. I will, most willingly,
 But wou'd fain make my Innocence appear,
 Dear Sir, upon my knees I do entreat you
 To hear me speak before my Execution :
 If I were that strange Monster you wou'd make me,
 It were but Justice you shou'd take my life,
 But here I swear by the Eternal Powers,
 By all my hopes in Heav'n, I am not false,
 Believe my tears.

King. There's nothing of thee reall,
 I'de been too happy if thou hadst been true :
 The thrifty Heav'n's mingle our Sweets with gall,
 Lest being glutt'd with excess of good,
 We shou'd ungratefully forget the giver.

Sem. O Sir—

King. Be gone, take those Inchanting eyes away,
 There's a bewitching Influence within
 Those sparkling Circles, that unmans my Soul :

Sem. Nay, if these eyes have Pow'r to make you kind, [kneels
 They shall pursue you wheresoe're you go ;
 With their soft, humble, pleading, courting tears,
 I'll weep 'em blind to quench your raging fires.
 Dear Sir, indulge, Improve these sparks of pitty,
 Mercy's the Glory of a Deity, subdue
 Your wild desires, and that Heroick deed,
 Is Nobler then the Conquest of a Kingdom ;
 But if you stain your hands with Guiltless blood,
 Then think what dismall horrors wait on murder,
Wolves, Ravens, screech-Owls then will be your Guests,

And

And my pale Ghost will haunt your startling Sleeps,
 Press your sad thoughts with loads more heavy then
 The Pond'rous Marble that Entombs my ashes.

King. By Heav'n I can no longer bear her sorrows,
 Her watry eyes wou'd make a Tyger tame,
 One accent of that tongue wou'd Calm the Seas,
 Tho' all the Winds strove there at once for Empire.
 But Ha!

Where am I going? Stay my fleeting Glory,
 I had design'd that great, that brave revenge,
 As shou'd have fix'd my vast immortal fame,
 High as a Monumentall Pyramid,
 And hid its Tow'ring Top among the Clouds,
 But thou false feind wou'dst shake my great Foundation:
 Take thy face hence.

Sem. O Sir?

King. I'll hear no more.

Vanish false fire, bright Meteor disappear;

It is not safe for me to tarry here;

My mighty mind wou'd keep its sacred way,

But she strews Flow'rs to lead my Soul astray. [*Ex. King.*

Maner Semanthe.

Sem. Pitty me Heav'n, and view my wretched State,
 Let me not undeserv'dly meet my fate,
 O Change this frantick humour in the King,
 His stragling sence to its first Station bring;
 Calm his wild rage, let him his Error see,
 But if your doom decrees that I must dye,
 Let when I'm dead my Innocence appear,
 My spotless virtue to the World stand fair.
 O grant his mourning pittty may but come,
 And shed one tear on poor *Semanthe's* Tomb.

[*Exit Weeping.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE

The Fifth A C T.

S C E N E I. A Pallace.

Enter King Solus.

King. **W**Hat's Nature, and the Pow'r that Governs it?
 Man is the Puppet of the Gods, and moves—
 Backwards and forwards as they please to dance him,
 Now cou'd I laugh to find my self a fool,
 And yet be mad to think I can't be otherwise:
 Where's all my blust'ring Roaring Storm against
Semanthe? hush'd, and Calm'd, and all because
 Her tears had Pow'r to charm me into fondness?
 My great Foundation's laid in sand, one minute
 Fierce as Incount'ring Lyons, and the next,
 I'm tamer then the meekest Beast they Prey on.

Enter Menaphon.

Men. Good morning to the King; my Royal Master:
 May health, and happiness for ever wait you;
 O may you never know one hour of sorrow,
 May sweet content dwell ever in your breast,
 And all your days and Nights be fill'd with Joys
 Equall to those the blest'd above possess.

King. I thank thee *Menaphon* for thy kind wishes,
 But oh they're what I never must expect:
 Alas! I am a thing the World does laugh at,
 And all those Clouds, those dark and dismall Clouds,
 Which bar the Sun from shining on my misery,
 Will never be chased off 'till I am dead.

Men. The Gods forbid; O do not name your death,
 My Loyall heart weeps tears of blood to hear it:
 Alas my Lord, I thought e're this t' have seen,
 A Riotous Pleasure Rev'ling in your eyes,
 To think how bravely you'd reveng'd your wrongs;
 I thought t' have heard you say, come *Menaphon*,
 Now thou sha't see I am a King again:
 The Snake I long had foster'd in my breast,

Is Cruel'd, th' Adulterate Queen is now no more.

King. O why my friend? why shou'd that fair one dye?
The Modell of the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Waters;

The Harmony and sweet consent of time,

Are not so beautifull in their Creation,

As is *Semantbe*: shall I throw away

A Jewell, Empires are to poor to purchase;

What tho' she's faulty, look but on her face,

Oh there's that Expiating brightness there,

As Guilds o're all the Sables of her Soul,

And all her faults and spots are seen no more.

Men. Why lives she still then?

King. Yes my friend, she does;

'Tis true I went with fix'd resolves to kill her;

But when I came (Oh who can paint the Scene!)

I saw the beauteous Creature all in tears,

A winking Lamp was burning by her side;

Her Pallace was become a loathsome Jayl,

Nought but infectuous damps were her Companions:

I saw her on her knees a while unmov'd,

But Oh at last I cou'd no longer hold,

By a long siege of tears she calm'd my fury,

And I had not the power to give the Blow:

O *Menaphon* the keen edg'd Sword of Justice,

I held advanc'd in air, but O her eyes,

There shot that Lightning from those beauteous Heav'ns,

That th' Angry Steel was melted down before 'em.

Men. I'm glad to find such mercy dwells within you,

I must confess the Chiefest of my wishes,

Is, she may live, but give me leave to think,

I blot my Loyalty in wishing it.

For O what Floud can ever wash away,

The stain that hangs upon your honour Sir?

Consider but the talk of other Nations,

When they shall hear (as this can be no secret,)

How your own eyes beheld your Queens dishonour,

Saw her in the Embraces of a Traytor.

And after that you could sit tamely down,

Without a dire Revenge for the black deed,

'Twill make your little name blown round the World,

The Forregn shame, and your own Subjects scorn.

King.

King. Oh! thou hast stung me to the very Soul; who'st thou?
 It must, it will be so; methinks I see
 How the proud haughty King of Sicily,
 Devours the welcome news of my dishonour;
 Oh she must dye, she must, by Heaven she shall,
 Nay, dye a publick Spectacle to the World,
 And her vile Minion too, curs'd *Rhodes*
 Shall bear her company, this very day
 I'll sign an order for their Execution,
 And let it be your care to see it perform'd.

Men. Nay, now you bend too much the other way;
 This is short warning for departing Souls,
 For pitties sake Sir, let 'em live till Morn.

King. Round me you furies that delight in mischief,
 And ever keep me waking till the Cliffs,
 That over-hangs my light, fall off and leave
 These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust,
 If I do either eat or drink, or sleep,
 Till I have finish'd my great just revenge.

Men. Well Sir, I will no more strive to dissuade you,
 But what death wou'd you have *Semantic* die,

King. Ha! By the Gods, a Question worth disputing,
 And it would puzzle an ingenious Artift
 To invent a way to kill her, for by fire
 Or water 'tis impossible to do it,
 Betwixt her fallhood and her flowing Lust,
 She is too rank to burn, too light to drown,
 Nay, shou'd I bury the incarnate Monster
 Like the slain Gyants under Piles of Mountains,
 Her dust like *Aetna's* flames, would burst through all;
 Take thy own method, let me see her dead,
 I care not how.

Men. Well Sir, I'll do my best,
 I must confess I wou'd not have her live,
 For the respect I bear to my Royal Master,
 Therefore I hope you will not change your mind,

King. O never, never shalt thou see me chang'd,
 Thou'lt rouse a sleeping Lyon, whom no art,
 Nor any thing can e're reclaim but blood.

Where was before my blinded folly driven,
 Mercy, what art thou? get thee back to Heaven,
 What has the race of man to do with thee?
 Leave humane minds to nobler passions free,

Hence forward Death and Ruin Reign alone,
Make Hell your Vassal, and the world your Throne. [Ex. King.]

Enter Menaphon.

Men. 'Tis done, the fatal Train has taken fire,
I'll follow him, lest he should change again;
By Heav'n I am all extasie to think
Of the long prosperous chain of our success,
Once by thy doom proud Queen, the very breath
That durst repeat the sound of love, was death,
But oh the pleasure of revenge to dart
Thy own Retorned threats, on thy own heart,
Yes, thou hast scorn'd me Queen, but know the wrongs
Of slighted love shall knit their Scorpion thongs,
Whilst each disdainful step thou dost retire,
Thou tread'st on Graves, and walk'st o're Piles of Fire. [Ex. Men.]

SCENE II.

Enter Meleander and Lattinius.

Mele. Why do I live with such a load of sorrow?
Oppress'd with tortures of despairing Love,
A Sisters shame, my families dishonour,
Oh my *Lattinius*! Can this weight be borne?
I went to see the false one, and resolv'd
To have dy'd my self in her polluted Blood,
But when the Prison door I would have enter'd,
My trembling Joynts refus'd to bear me farther,
My Ominous Nostrils gush'd forth Streams of Purple,
And to my thinking, all the Heavens appear'd
Like blazing Meteors hanging o're my head;
When straight a hollow voice had reach'd my ears,
Crying aloud, thy Sister's innocent;
'Twas surely more then the effects of fancy,
I left the place, and to my Chamber went,
Stretch'd on the Floor, and wash'd the Ground with tears;
My Sisters shame had left my memory,
And more distracting thoughts did enter in me;
Marcellia's scorn came fresh into my mind,
And to my wretched poor tormented Soul,
Set yawning, kneen devouring Fate before me,
In her most dreadful black, and hideous form.

Lattinius.

Lat. I grieve to see your wondrous discontent,
And needs must own an equal share with you,
For ev'ry sigh that comes from your sad Breast,
Whole streams of Blood flow from my tender Heart.

Mele. O my poor Boy! Why, why art thou thus kind?
Since fair *Marcelia* will not pity me,
I wou'd have all the World abandon me.

Enter Marcelia crossing the Stage.

See where she comes, what means my trembling Heart?
I'll meet her, though her frowns should strike me dead.

[*Mele. kneels before Mar. as she's going off.*]

Oh cruel Beauty! ere you move from hence,
Hear me one word, and I shall dye in Peace,
Behold me at your Feet, behold my sorrows.

[*She offers to go.*]

O do not leave me, hear me first, O hear me;
Think of the Pangs despairing lovers feel,
Think of the torments I endure for you,
That do with such indifferency look on me.

Mar. Alas my Lord, why should you talk to me?
To one that has already been deceiv'd,
O shall I ere believe a man again,
Since *Ithocles*, he whom I thought the best,
Proved false.

Mele. Then why should you still love him?
Rather revenge his falsehood, pity me,
And place your love on one that more deserves;
On him, whose heart, whose Soul is all your own,
And ne'er can be anothers.

Mar. So he swore,
And I fond fool believ'd it to be true,
But when he found my Heart was fixt to his,
My constant love so firm e're to be chang'd.
The Vows, the Oaths he made to Heav'n and me,
He forfeited, and gave his Soul away.
Then wou'd you have me trust a man again?
No, you blest powers, rather let me be plac'd
In a wild Desert 'mongst a herd of Beasts;
The Wolf, the Tygre, and the spotted Leopard,
Are less devourers then faithless Men,
You may as soon call back the Sun, stay time,

Prescribe a Law to death, as ever find
 One true of all your perjur'd Sex.
 A man! The very name is monstrous,
 Nay, even the Breath that utters the vile sound,
 Flies like infection over all the Air.

Mele. Why should you thus condemn the Sex for one?

Mar. For one! for all; Oh you are all the same!
 All of one faithless lineage, form, creation,
 Like twins in infidelity, each feature,
 And ev'ry vein fill'd up with the same falshood;
 The Syrens Songs, the Crocodiles false tears
 Are less deceitful than the oaths of men.

Mele. Hear me mistaken beauty, by yon Heaven,
 The words of Angels are not more sincere,
 Then what I speak, my love as fix'd and firm
 As Rocks of Adamant.

Mar. Hear me my Lord, and hear me you blest powers,
 To that false Image of your selves call'd man,
 To you, and all your Sex I bid farewell,
 My fix'd resolves stand a decree of Fate;
 Therefore no more endeavour to dissuade me,
 For when I do consent to love again,
 May he I love with loath my hate, receive me,
 Eternal discord, raise her bar between us.

May I this love, as you do mine pursue,
 And he fly me, as thus I fly from you.

[*Ex. Mar.*]

Mele. Then farewell Life, and all my pains at once,
 For by the Gods I'll not outlive thy hate;
Lattinius, if the love thou own'st be real,
 When I am dead, do me this Courtesy,
 Bear to this cruel Woman my last words,
 And let her know, my love to her was true.

Lat. O Sir, upon my knees I do intreat you,
 Yet harbour patience, who knows, she may change;
 'Tis certain Sir, that *Ithocles* must dye,
 And time may turn this resolution from her;
 The *Ephesian* Matron for a while was constant,
 And wash'd her Husband's Grave with truest tears;
 But at the last, quite tir'd with useless sorrow,
 She did receive a Lover to her Arms;
Marcellia may do this, she is but a woman,
 And subject to the frailties of her Sex.

Mele. I cou'd, I hope she ever cou'd be moved

With

Wish endless patience I could wait the time,
 Outlive th' old *Patriarchs* age, in love, grow hoary
 At her dear feet, and wear like *Adam's* top,
 My Fire, and Snow together.

Lat. Doubt not my Lord.

Enter Bassanes.

Bass. I beg you'd pardon my unwelcome news,
 The Queen your Sister Sir ———

Mele. Why, what of her.

Bass. Must dye this day.

Mele. 'Tis well.

Bass. My Lord ———

Mele. 'Tis well.

Would in the Cradle sh'ad resign'd her breath,
 What death *Bassanes*?

Bass. Sir behind the Pallace.

The King decrees that she shall dye by fire;

Mele. By fire! is that her doom? Well, 'tis decreed,
Semanthe thou shalt sleep, though but in ashes,
 Leave me *Bassanes*, and *Lattinius* leave me.

Lat. Sir I cannot leave you.

[*Ex. Bass.*]

Mele. What saist thou boy?

Lat. Indeed I dare not leave you.

Your Clouded brow foretells some storm at hand,
 And I much fear 'tis on your self 'twill fall,
 Your Sisters Death is strongly working in you,
 And makes me dread the fatal Consequence.

Mele. Thou art mistaken boy, my Sisters death,
 I meet with all serenity and calmness;
 For if she's guilty, 'twould be most unfit,
 A thing so Leprous, thou'd infect the Earth,
 If innocent, those Pow'rs that take her hence,
 For all her wrongs, her Thorny Coronets,
 Her bleeding Veins, and her more bleeding fame,
 Have those bright Jewels in an immortal Crown,
 What vast reserve of Glories to adorn her,
 In the bright Realm of everlasting day,
 As more then all her Losses shall repay.

Lat. What then disturbs you?

Mele. My despairing love.

Lat. It may not long be so.

Mele. I fear for ever.

Then why should'st thou expect that I will live;
When by my violent Pains too sure I find,
Slaves at an Oar have greater ease then I,
Hard'ned to Labours they their Pains despise,
Dispair in Love's the only misery,
We with fresh Agonies our Souls torment,
View the bright Tracks where th' adored Beauty went,
And with fresh Pains our endless Plagues deplore,
To think our setting Sun will rise no more.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Orgillus.

Org. Where e're I go my Conscience still persuaes,
And the pale Figure of the dead *Armena*
Is ever in my view; 'twas not well done,
So ill to gratifie, the woman lov'd me,
Besides, I only fear'd the might discover
What I my self am now inclin'd to do.
The Queen this day must dye a publick death,
'Tis not too late, I yet may save her from it.

[*Horns and Huntsmen at a distance.*]

What noise is that! the ecchoing cries of Huntsmen,
Alas! the hunted Stagg himself, that flies
From all those open Mouths of death behind him,
Is not alarm'd with my pursuing horrors;
He has but a Life, but I a Soul in danger.

Enter Menaphon behind.

Men. Thus far I've watch'd my Brother, whose sad thoughts,
I fear, bodes Ruin to our great design.
I find his foolish Conscience does perplex him,
And dare not trust my Life in the weak hold
Of Consciencious hands, although a Brothers.
He that would manage Glorious mischief safe,
Shou'd guide his rouling Chariot like the Sun,
And singly hold the mighty Reins alone:
Into his Seat no aiding Partner call,
Lest the misguideing *Phaeton* hazard all.

Org.

Org. Shou'd I discover it, and save her Life,
 And the King's Mercy too shou'd grant me mine,
 Where then is *Menaphon*? What must he dye?
 What an ungrateful wretch shou'd I be counted,
 To leave my Brother tangled in the snare,
 When I my self have pow'r to keep him out.
 But yet the violent love that the King bears
 To beautiful *Semanthe* is so great,
 That shou'd I tell him all our Villany,
 I might with ease make Covenants of safety,
 And sign my own and pardon'd Brother's Life.

Menaphon comes forward.

Men. Brother, with Joy I've heard your troubled Conscience,
 And am well pleas'd your thoughts keep pace with mine.
 O Brother! Brother! with such dreams of horror,
 Since poor *Armenia's* death, my fancy's plagu'd,
 That had not your Remorse of Conscience found you,
 I shou'd alone have told it to the King.

Org. How! My dear generous Brother.

Men. Yes my *Orgillus*,
 An Orient Beam of Penitence dawns within me,
 The Shadows of my once benighted Soul
 All vanish'd, and bright day breaks forth in Glory.

Org. And is kind Heav'n this dear Conversion true?
 Is my kind Brother ———

Men. Yes, see here a Profligate [Kneels]
 To Heaven, Religion, Honor, Piety,
Semanthe, the Innocent *Semanthe*, dye;
 No, I will snatch her from the yawning Precipice,
 And fix her righted Fame, and rescu'd Innocence,
 On that Immortal Pyramide of Glory,
 That the admiring World with up lift Eyes,
 And low bent Knees, shall pay their joyful tribute,
 At her bless'd Restauration; with my own
 Repenting Hand I'll twine, twine a rich Chaplet
 Of Flowers, and Roses, and Eternal Sweets,
 To adorn her Sacred Brow.

Org. O my Just Brother,
 Now thou'rt all white again, most lovely fair;
 O there's that Rapture in Divine Repentance,
 No wonder it unlocks the Gates of Heav'n;
 When

When Oh, there blows a Gale, a fragrant Gale
Of Perfumes from the very Air it flies
That sure 'tis all a breath of Paradise:
And shall *Semanthe* live! come to my Arms,
O nearest to my Breast.

Men. Yes, to thy Heart *[Stabs him.]*

Org. Villain, perfidious Villain, thou hast kill'd me.

Men. Yes, lie there *Pitty*, my great Plot was found ring,
And I have stop'd the leak.

Org. Kis'd and Betray'd!
Embrac'd and Murther'd!

Men. Yes, Religious Fool.
Thou wert too good for Earth, and I in pity
Have kindly giv'n thee Heav'n to sleep Conscience,
And now, wake, wake Revenge agen.

Org. Oh, *[Groans]* *Horns and Huntsmen agen.*

Men. Ha! Company; Curle on this Interruption.
No matter, I am sure I have dispatch'd him,
And his short breath's too weak to hurt me now.
But let me prudently retire unseen.
My Face has danger in't, now dear, dear Vengeance.

[Ex. hastily drawing off Orgillus.]

SCENE IV. The Scene Changes.

Enter Guards making way for the Queen.

a. Guar. Room there, bear back; room for the Queen.

*Enter Semanthe in white, attended with six Ladies in Mourning;
Bassanes, Guards, and Attendants.*

Quee. Kind Gentlemen, there needs not this formality,
I am past all State Ceremony now,
Alas, there's no distinction in the Grave,
The proudest Sovereign Head when laid in Dust,
Sleeps on as coarse a Pillow as a Peasant's.
And Oh! there opes that narrow Gate to Heav'n,
That Majesty it self must stoop as humbly
For entrance there, as the poor crawling Cragger.
Well Gentlemen, you come to see me die;

To

To see the scatter'd ashes of your Queen,
 Blown round the spreading Globe, but oh! my friends,
 Cou'd but my spotless Soul be seen as plainly,
 Oh! to the utmost corners of the Earth,
 The sounding Trump of my immortal innocence,
 Wou'd fill Fame's swelling volumn with a story,
 So full of woe, and that unequal fate,
 As tender drowning eyes wou'd melt to read,
 And the hard cause of poor *Semantbe* dead,
 Even distant worlds, and pitying ages plead. [Exit Omn.] }

S C E N E V.

The Scene drawn, discovers a great many Spikes fix'd in the Ground, and a high Battlement above it.

Enter King Menaphon, Meleander, Guards and Attendants.

King. Brother, I sent for you to see a justice
 Done on the Monster that has wrong'd us both,
 Hasten *Amyclas*, and bring the viper forth. [Ex. *Amyclas*.]

Re-enter Amyclas with Ithocles, chain'd in's Shirt and Drawers, a night Gown over'em, Guarded.

Itho. My death you have decreed, and Heaven permitted,
 But know mistaken King, I wear a Soul
 So free from that black charge for which I dye,
 That at my Launch into Eternity,
 I shall soare lighter then a mounting Angel,
 And smile above, when thou false *Menaphon*
 Sha't grin below; and though I leave the world
 In poor deluded eyes, and Popular breath,
 A Cank'ed bloated thing, the hour will come,
 When Fame's Recanting Trump shall sound my innocence.
 Murder may hush, and guiltless blood may slumber,
 But oh they never sleep, the hour will come,
 When the story of my Fate, and the dark Leagues,
 And black Caballs against *Semantbe's* Honour,
 And both our lives shall be all, all disclosed,
 Whilst our amazing murder turns, a spectre
 Shall fright you with the form.

King. I'll hear no more.

I came not here to have my Royal Justice
 Arraign'd, but executed, guilt to harden'd,
 As durst offend like thee, can never want
 A forehead too, as hard'n'd to deny it.
 Take him away, by Heav'n my feeble rage [Ex. Guards with Icho.
 Is plumed with Down, and falls like feather'd snow, the Scene shuts.]
 But rowze my Bolts of Fate, and murder'd Love,
 Thy sleeping furies wake — but oh *Semanthe*,
 Though this avenging Sword my honour draws,
 Proud of the Justice, yet I mourn the cause,
 And oh! though pleas'd I send thee to the Grave,
 I live to kill, what I would dye to save.

Enter Lattinius hastily, and kneels to the King.

Lat. Oh Sir!

As you'd secure your everlasting peace,
 And deater Soul, and guard a groaning Kingdom
 From the impending plagues of guiltless blood,
 Save, save *Semanthe's* Life.

King. What means the Boy?

Lat. By the bright Guardians of the Throne she's innocent;
 Oh injur'd Sir! that shame of the Creation, [Pointing to Meda.]
 Th'incarnate Devil *Menaphon* in a Wood,
 Has babourously butcher'd his own Brother,
 Who found by Huntsmen in his gasping Pangs,
 Had just Remains of Life, enough to open
 That most infernal Mass of Forgery;
 Against the vertuous Queen's immaculate Honour,

Men. Sure the youth raves.

Lat. By Heav'n my Lord, 'tis true,
 But fly, and save her life ere 'tis too late,
 Then lend your Leisure to the hideous story,
 Prepare your eares to ake, and Soul to tremble.

King. Haste *Amyclas*, and stop the Execution.

Lat. Oh fly Sir, with a posting Angels speed,
 An Angel to redeem. [To *Amyclas* as he's going off.]

[Ex *Amy.* running.]

Orgillus wounded, brought in by Huntsmen, *Menaphon* starts.

Men. Ha! my Brother,
 Vengeance and Hell, my Plots are all unravell'd,
 Curse on my crring hand.

[Aside.]

Orgillus

Org. Save, save the Queen.

Oh Sir she's innocent, her spotless truth,
White as our Souls are black, my Tray'trous Brother,
And wicked self by false *Armenia's* help,
Mixt a Lethargick potion for the Queen,
And *Ithocles*; and in the operation
Of the curst sleeping Drugg, we lay'd 'em senceless,
Clasp'd Arm in Arm, all Artifice and delusion,
To rob you of your peace, and her her life.

Men. Thou cack'ling, craven slave. [*Drams and runs at him, is seiz'd*

King. Disarm the Traytor, by the Guards]
Go on my dying Penitent.

Org. Alas!

I cannot more, *Armenia's* murder'd Ghost
Raifes a sullen fame from nights dark coast,
My sence grows dim, and in a mist I'm lost.

[*Diet.*]

King. Hah! dead!

Is the stupendious tale of horror done?
And dost thou Monster live to hear it?

Men. Yes,
And doubly damn'd I did not live to act it.

King. Thou art a Traytor of so black a die —
But haste, unbind the Guiltless *Ithocles*,
Bid him come down to meet a Flood of Honour;
The Acclamations of an Echoing Kingdom,
And the Rewards of a repenting King.
But for thee Monster.

[*Ex. an Attendant.*]

[*To Menaphon.*]

Men. Call your self that Monster,
For such I'd made you, had my Plot succeeded;
But since the proud *Semanthe's* scorn has given me
That stroke of Fate, that all her bolts beyond it,
Will prove but edgless Plagues, I dare thy worst;
Know I defie at once both Hell and thee.

King. Damnation, was there ever Dungeon, Jayle
Or Gibbet that cou'd match this hardn'd Infidel,
But do I talk and let the Villain live,
Away with him,

And his own snare, be his own fate, the doom
Of *Ithocles* see executed instantly
On that Infernal slave, but yet thou devil
So Grand, thou'rt fitter to be *Lucifer's*
Tormenter then he thine, repent and save,
If possible, thy bloated Soul;

Men. Repent! a Scull which has for Ages lain i' th' Earth,
 Shall sooner Pray then I, I do Repent
 I've mist my ends, for had that piece of Pride,
 Ended her hated Life, in scorching flames
 I wou'd have borne the hottest plagues of Hell,
 Rattled the Chains of my Infernal Goal,
 As Peals of Joy that I had left thee here,
 With greater torments than I felt below.
 Have smil'd to think on thy distracted Soul,
 And laught when all the damn'd besides did howl.

[Exit Men. Guarded.]

King. Most hideous Villain,
 Was slighted Lust then
 The lighting Fire-brand to this Hellish Train. [Enter Queen attended]
 Ha! by my wrongs that Injur'd Beauty lives
 My Joys like rustling Winds lockt up in Caves,
 Do bustle for a Vent. Oh! to my breast,
 Yet Closer, Closer thou dear banisht Peace,
 Torrents of Extasies, transporting Joyes.
 But oh! Divinest Innocence, is there
 That Beam of mercy in th' Immortal Treasury,
 As can forgive my faults?

Queen. Name 'em no more;
 My Joy, to find you know my Innocence,
 Makes me forget that I was ever wrong'd;
 Nay, had I dy'd 't had pleased my murder'd Ghost,
 To see my vertue to the World Proclaimed.

[Enter Marcellia,

King. But see, *Marcellia*! Oh what Recompence
 Is there in Nature for the wrongs I've done thee?

Mar. Most Royal Sir, there is a Recompence,
 Wou'd Cancel all the Injuries was done
 To me, and to th' unhappy *Ithocles*.

Queen. I know thy meaning, and I hope *Marcellia*,
 The King will not deny his free Consent.

[Enter *Ithocles* Attended.]

Mel. [Aside.] I fear her meaning tends to my destruction.

King. Oh thou bright worthy!
 Come to my Arms; my Arms; Oh no, that Circle
 Is too Unhallow'd to Infold such Goodness.
 No let me first deserve t' embrace thee, take
 This fair Attonement for the wrongs I've done thee.

Itho. Oh my Exalted bliss!

[Gives him *Marcellia*]

Mel

Mel. And my Confusion *[aside]*
Remember Sir the Promise of a King,
It was to me you gave *Marcelia*.

King. Ah!

Take heed bold man, croak that loath'd sound no more;
I have rewarded Virtue, and crown'd Love;
And if before, to my unprincely Name,
I promised ought to wrong this faithful Pair,
Perhaps that guilty Promise drew down Heav'n against me;
And 'tis just I have appeas'd
The wrath of that black Sin.

Mar. No, *Meleander*:

Pursue not hopeless Love, nor tempt the frown
Of Heaven by cherishing a lawless Fire;
No, take this worthier and kinder Beauty, *[gives him Statilia.]*
No more *Lattinius*, but the fair *Statilia*.

Omn. *Statilia!*

Itbo. Ha! my Sister.

Stat. Yes my Brother.

The same unhappy Maid —

Mar. Transform'd by Love;

But take her to your Arms and hide her Blushes;
She's Love that can deserve you, though I want it.

King. Brother and Friend, *[for he that weds our Favour]*

In fair *Statilia*, I must call him both]

Accept this Present from my hand,

[giving Stat.]

Queen. And mine,

To bind the Royal Seal.

Mel. My Heart heaves up, and struggles in my Breast,

When I but look on fair *Marcelia's* Face,

But she is lost to me, for ever lost;

And one more kind there is that seeks my Love;

I will no more pursue a hopeless Game,

But fix my Heart on her that has deserv'd it.

[aside.]

Oh! on my knees *Statilia* let me beg

[to her.]

A Pardon for the Injuries I've done thee;

Accept a Heart that now is all thy own.

[Enter Mr. Harris.]

*The Scene drawn discovers Men. Executed, being slung from
a Battlement upon Spikes.*

Bass. According to your Majesties Command,
The Traitor *Menaphon* received his doom.

King.

King. Behold *Semanthe*, the cruel Instrument
Of all our Woes.

Queen. Remove the dismal sight —

He was a Villain, and a cruel one

Yet I could freely have forgiven him.

King. Thou beauteous *Miracle* of woman kind,

Let all the Kingdom share my mighty Joy!

Brother, *Marcelia*, *Ithocles*, *Statilia*,

Was ever man redeem'd like me from ruin,

O what a Precipice have we escap'd!

How near we all were to the Gulph of Ruin,

Till thou, blest Soul, brought us this *Halcyon* Gale.

Lat. The great Reward does far exceed my hopes.

King. Oh! give me leave,

As one, that wearied with the Toil at Sea,

And now on wish for Shore has fixt his feet,

He looks about, and glad's his Thoughts and Eyes

With sight o' th' green cloath'd ground and leafy Trees:

So let me gaze agen on those dear Eyes,

Nothing but kisses to thy Lips discourie.

Oh! My *Semanthe*, to my Arms return,

Where loves rekindling Fire shall brighter burn,

Whilst all the wrongs to Beauty so Divine,

Shall be but foils to make the Diamond shine.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Writ by Mr. Mountfort, Spoken by Mrs.
Butler in Mans Apparel.

O UR Scribler could not find a better way,
Then singling me a Champion for his Play,
My Manhood and his Wit are much at one,
The want of both in us are too well known;
Excuse him, 'tis his Tryal, just such another,
As some poor under-witted elder Brother,
Whose hasty Father did young Bride Beleaguer,
And got the Honey-moon weak Brat too eager,
Faith Gentlemen be kind to his first born,
I may perhaps do you as good a turn;
Be not too harsh you Critticks of the Pit,
To damn his Play wou'd look like spite, not wit,
' See't but three days, and fill the House the last,
' He shall not trouble you again in haste;
' Besides, each Creditor he has is here,
' And if your Actions seem to him severe,
' They'll bring all theirs against him, that they swear;
' Ladies, on you his chiefeſt hopes rely,
' Your Goodness may command their Courtſie,
' None dare oppose whatever you esteem,
' If then they're cruel, may you prove ſo to them,
' 'Tis Charity, when begg'd to give relief,
' If not, we muſt put on with Iriſh Brief,
' And as at Church, the Gatherers ſtand at Door,
' So ours with Plates ſhall Cry,

Pray Remember the Poor.

Theſe Lines were ſpoken the third day, in the Room of the laſt thirteen Lines.

He thanks the goodneſs of his this days Friends,
You've fill'd the Houſe, and he has gain'd his ends.

FINIS.